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A PICTURE.

BY C. H. CRANDALL.

How can I paint a face which is so fair
That none may know its grace unless they see it?
Yet should you dream of any face so rare
It seemed all goodness, that would surely be it.

No bright-eyed girl, although she once was such,
Is she I sing. Time her girl-beauty stole:
And since has drawn, with soft, artistic touch,
The wrinkles that reveal her gentle soul.

Kind charity—that almost seems to cheat
Her hate of sin by loving still the sinner—
Beams from her eyes, gray eyes, that, soft and sweet,
Scarce hint the depth of tenderness within her.

She always sees some good in every one;
And so each feels for her esteem a debtor;
Her passing sheds a radiance like the sun,
And yet she does not know she makes us better.

Sweet, sympathetic face! In smiles or tears,
I cannot see such good in any other:
Nor better tell the tie that her endears
Than just to write her name; and that is, "Mother."

And so with silver cord that naught can sever,
And set in my unworthy frame of rhyme—
Praying that God will keep them bright forever—
I hang her picture on the walls of Time.

TIFF.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A GREAT MISTAKE," "ROSE OF THE WORLD," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER V.

"AT LAST! At last!" cried Ninon, clasping her hands. "At last we are really off for Paris!"

"Paris in August!" said Lady Ingram, shrugging her shoulders.

"My dear child, if it were not for the necessity of getting you properly dressed for our campaign at Dinard—— But there—you are only nineteen; you cannot at present understand the heroic dimensions of the sacrifice I am about to make for you; so I will suffer in silence."

"You dear kind Katherine!" said the girl prettily.

"I am trying to be sorry for you, but I can't help being very, very glad for myself, and for Dick! Dick does not know Paris either.

"He is a country cousin, like me. We mean to go about together. Dick has promised to show me everything."

"Poor Dick! I believe you to be capable of a drive in the goat-carriages, or of making him take you to see Guignol."

"Guignol is the one thing that I have really set my heart upon," declared Ninon gaily.

"Don't goad me into drinking coco, Katherine, under your very nose! Dick, will you take me to see Guignol? Will you ride with me in one of the merry-go-rounds in the Champs Elysees?"

"Of course he will," Lady Ingram answered for him—"that or any other folly you may choose to suggest. I shall hold you responsible, child, or all that may happen."

Ninon flushed a little, and cast an appealing glance at her cousin.

The young man answered it with a faint adoring smile.

He was leaning back in the railway-carriage, and his eyes were fastened on the lovely pale face opposite to him. It seemed that he was too much absorbed or too happy to be able to say much.

He had gone on from the Mount with Lady Ingram and his beautiful young cousin, instead of returning to England, as he was about to do when he had met them.

His mother and Mary Hawthorn had set off for Malvern without him, he explained to Lady Ingram; there was nothing to prevent him from seeing her safely to Paris, and back again to Dinard, if she would allow him.

He thought it probable that he might remain at Dinard himself for a week or two. He had never seen much of the French watering-places; it would be all so much new experience.

Lady Ingram assured him, smiling, that, if he were anxious to add to his stock of experience, he could not do better than follow out the plan he had suggested.

"I think it only too probable that you will go back to Barnes a sadder and a wiser man," she added.

"But after all, that is your look-out. I have warned you more than once. I don't care to go on playing bogey. Come with us by all means."

They had gone first, for some reason which Lady Ingram did not explain, to Cherbourg.

The town was full of noisy and vulgar tourists, the hotel was uncomfortable.

After some inquiries about one or two yachts that were lying in the harbor, and after a very bad luncheon, Lady Ingram decided abruptly on going to Paris by the six-o'clock train.

"There is nothing to be done here," she said, with some suppressed irritation. "We can sleep the journey away, and get into Paris with the day all before us for the dressmakers. Dick, you will see to it, please.

"Ninon and I are going to lie down and rest."

Accordingly their mysterious visit to Cherbourg came to an untimely end, and six o'clock found them in the train and on their way to Paris through the rich and level fields of Normandy.

Ninon's blue eyes were blazing with excitement.

There was no sleep for her or for Dick.

They had established Lady Ingram comfortably at one end of the carriage with her pillows and shawls and French novel, and at the other they sat opposite to each other, leaning forward to look out of the window and to exchange much soft laughter and whispered talk as they slid through the pleasant landscape in the warm glow of the August evening—past many rich green meadows intersected with brooks, on whose edges the pollard-willows stood, gray and trembling-leaved, in even rows—past sweet-smelling hay-fields, where the haymakers were calling to each other in the waning light, and turning homewards with their flat brown cider-bottles slung over their shoulders.

Here and there a few lingered to rake and toss the hay.

A woman in a black dress, with loose white sleeves falling back from her sun-burnt arms, came from a farmhouse to a well, carrying a great brazen pitcher on her shoulder; the last rays of the setting sun caught at the pitcher and made it shine like gold.

"Look at the trees!" said Ninon. "Did you ever see such fantastic shapes? And why do they grow like that, without any branches? There are six over there dancing a minuet.

"Can't you see them, Dick? And there are the witches in Macbeth—over there by that pretty old chateau with the pointed towers.

"And there by that brook is a company of aesthetic men and maidens going down to dinner and——"

She stopped abruptly.

Dick was not looking at the trees at all, but at her own sweet talking face.

"Here we are at Caen," she said demurely. "It is nearly dark."

The lights of the station flashed through the dusk.

It was not too dark for the men who passed by their carriage on the way to the buffet to see the beautiful young face at the window, and to pass and repass many times for the purpose of another and yet another furtive stare at Miss Masserene.

Ninon was by this time getting quite used to this openly-displayed admiration which met her on all sides.

Dick sometimes accused her savagely in his heart of enjoying it.

Certainly she did not turn from the window, as she might easily have done, but remained bending forward, watching the bustle of the large station and chattering to her cousin with unwearying animation, so that he had no opportunity of scowling, according to his wont, at the audacious men who dared to lift their eyes to his fair cousin's face.

"All aboard!" cried the guard; and the train began to glide on again through the gathering dusk, past the town and its spires, past fast-flying hedges and trees, past a pretty little Norman village with red-roofed houses and a church with a square tower, and a pretty country house standing peacefully in the midst of smooth lawns, with all its windows thrown open to the twilight breeze.

It grew darker and darker.

A fire flashed by the road-side.

It was a forge.

The men looked up with grimy faces, black against the ruddy flame of their furnace.

The stars were coming out overhead, the night-air blew in chill and sweet across the meadows, and made Ninon shiver.

In a moment Dick had her shawl unstrapped and round her delicate shoulders—Lady Ingram's novel had long since fallen from her hand.

"Are you tired?" the young man asked tenderly of his cousin.

"Would you like to lie down? Let me make the pillows all right for you."

The girl looked at him gratefully.

"How good you are, Dick!" she said. "I am not sleepy; but I will rest a little. I feel as if I should never go to sleep again."

And, before the words were well out of her lips, she was sleeping like a child among her pillows.

Poor Dick sat with folded arms and watched her all through the long hours of night.

He felt as if he would have been content if it had never come to an end.

She was his for that brief space at least.

There was no one to interfere with his silent worship of her loveliness or to remind him of his poverty, of the hopelessness of his passion.

He fell into an uneasy doze at last as the dawn came breaking cool and gray beyond the waving trees and fell across his haggard young face; and he awoke only when the train stopped for the last time; and Ninon, breaking into a bright laugh as he sat up, drowsy and bewildered, assured him that they were really in Paris at last, and that she was awfully hungry.

She looked as fresh and unruffled as a lily after her long sleep.

"What it is to be nineteen!" sighed Lady Ingram, who had tied a thick veil over her own face.

"My dear Dick, put us into a carriage at once, and let us get to the hotel while you wait for the luggage.

"Men were chiefly invented that they might look after woman's imperials and carry her railway-tickets."

Accordingly, while Dick was still wearily waiting in the waiting room for the opening of the doors, Lady Ingram and Ninon were driven to the hotel, where rooms had been secured some days before, and were admitted by a sleepy porter in a sketchy toilet and, after a few hours' sleep and a cold bath were ready for the all-important interview with the great man-milliner.

It happened however that Monsieur Worth was not in town.

He was at his country-house.

Madame Barry came forward, wreathed in smiles, when Lady Ingram was announced.

Could she be of any service?

But, when the motive of her ladyship's visit was explained, and when the dazzled forewoman beheld the extreme beauty of the young lady who was to be prepared for her campaign at Dinard, she was the first to draw back.

"I believe my taste to be as good as Monsieur Worth's certainly," she said, with proud humility.

"But in such a case as this I think it will be better to have a personal interview. I will telegraph at once.

"If miladi will be good enough to make an appointment for to-morrow, I will answer for Monsieur Worth.

"It is not often that we have the pleasure of dressing such great beauty.

"Mademoiselle will permit me to say as much."

Ninon received this homage with her usual smiling.

Perhaps she was not really as indifferent as she looked; the decision of such a woman was one hardly to be despised.

Dick groaned aloud when he heard that yet another day was to be devoted to the dressmakers.

"Yet another!" echoed Lady Ingram. "You poor foolish Dick, many and many another!

"To-morrow is only the beginning of Ninon's slavery.

"And there are the dressmaker and the milliner and the shoemaker—you may as well make up your mind, both of you, at once, to see nothing of each other until dinner-time.

"It will save Dick the trouble of perpetually haunting the court of the hotel, and spare Ninon perhaps a few pangs of conscience later on."

Ninon shrugged her shoulders at poor Dick, and made a charming little face, as much as to say, "You see I can't help myself."

But she went to her appointment with Monsieur Worth next day without any reluctance, and submitted to be "studied" by that master with the utmost complaisance.

A number of tall and pretty girls, wearing the most fashionable toilettes in various colors, passed in and out of the rooms while Miss Masserene's charms were being passed in review.

One or two were summoned as lay-figures for various confections, or for certain combinations of tones which it was desired to hazard.

Worth, in his odd blue suit, surveyed with his shrewd eye the young beauty who had been brought to him, and received Lady Ingram's half-obsequious suggestions with good-natured but hardly veiled contempt.

Madame Barry looked solemn.

It was an anxious moment.

"I must think—I must have a little time—a day or two," he decided finally. "It is not only the ball-dresses, but there are the costumes for the beach, for breakfast, for driving, for dinner—the tea-gowns—Miss Masserene must be original in all. Give me three days. Miss Masserene's coloring is exquisite; I wish to be worthy of it in every sense.

"I promise you that she shall be the best-dressed woman in Dinard."

Some business-talk followed about Lady Ingram's last batch of dresses; but the master was evidently distraught.

His thoughts were wandering to the beautiful tall pale girl with the black hair and brilliantly blue eyes who stood half interested, half amused by the whole scene.

"Her coolness is delicious," thought Lady Ingram.

"She will become any position to which

she may attain; and I knew I was not mistaken about her beauty. It is quite undeniable.

"Worth is clearly struck; and he is an admirable judge."

"In three days then," she added aloud, beckoning to Ninon, who had turned to look out of the window into the Rue de la Paix, where poor Dick was moodily sauntering up and down on the chance of seeing her get into the victoria with her cousin. "You will send me word to the hotel, and we will come.

"There must be no delay. Part of the things can be sent after us; only let us have enough to begin with. We are due at Dinard on the fifteenth."

Ninon made a triumphant exit between rows of smiling girls in fantastic costumes. Monsieur Worth and Madame Barry bowed her to the great glass doors. Lady Ingram felt that the morning had not been spent in vain.

Poor Dick saw the girl get into the carriage, certainly, and that was all.

Miss Masserene was whirled away to the corset maker recommended by Madame Barry, to a shoemaker's to be measured for innumerable pairs of boots and shoes, most of which would depend on the costumes for which they were intended, to the lace-woman, to the glover's, to have her small hands measured for dozens of long Suede gloves, all in the natural shade, by Worth's orders.

"Twelve dozen will do to begin with," Lady Ingram decided thoughtfully—"yes, we can always send for more. They will keep your measure.

"It is useless to go to Mantel about the hats and bonnets until we hear again from Worth.

"I am quite curious to see what he will devise for you."

They went back, tired out, to the hotel, just in time to dine in their bonnets at the hotel table.

Lady Ingram was fond of economising occasionally in a small way.

It was a kind of salve to her conscience for her many extravagances.

So she decreed that she would not go to the expense of private dinners during their stay.

Ninon was going to cost her a small fortune.

It was to be hoped she would make a suitable return.

Dick was at the door of the hotel, anxiously looking out for them.

"At last!" he said, his haggard face brightening.

And Ninon, putting her hand inside his arm, walked back with him through the flower-lined vestibule, and began telling him where they had been and what they had done.

Her smiles, her sweet words and laughter were like new life to him.

The girl's heart smote her, as it so often did now, at sight of his simple joy in her presence.

But if it made him happy, was she to be grim and cold and stiff with her own cousin just because they were too poor ever to marry?

At any rate, Dick knew that as well as he did.

Had not Katherine warned him? While they were together the least she could do was to be kind to him.

In a very short time, no doubt, he would be gone back to Barnes, and to Mary Hawthorn, and she—the girl's heart began to beat a little faster—she would be beginning her life!

All that had gone before hardly counted, except for Tiffany.

But now, with Dinard, and all her lovely new things, and nothing unpleasant to think of, and no petty economies to harass her very soul—now her real existence would begin!

This was what she was thinking in vague secret exultation as she went on eating her soup and chatting to Dick and Lady Ingram.

One or two quiet French girls from the provinces were sitting at the next table and looked dazzled at the radiant young creature.

Ninon found time to pity them furtively for their plain little sallow faces and ugly plaid gowns.

"If they could guess what my life is going to be!" she thought in a swift sweet glow of self-gratulation.

"Oh, it is nice to be happy! The world would be perfect if one need never think or look beyond the day!"

They drank their coffee at a little table in the court.

Some ladies were sitting about in charming evening-dresses.

One or two young men were smoking their cigarettes among the birds and flowers and gold-fish; some one was playing a pretty air from Olivette in the drawing-room close by; the light faded, and the lamps began to glow among the shrubs.

Ninon was talking in half whispers to Dick while he smoked.

Lady Ingram was absorbed in stroking Monsieur Pomponnet, the beautiful sleek cat with whom she had made friends.

As Ninon had got steadily through her work during the day, her friend and guide supposed it would not do to interfere with her little amusement in the evening.

"Katherine," said the girl presently, with a pretty pretence of alarm at her own audacity, "may Dick take us to one of the theatres? Would you be horribly bored?"

Lady Ingram helplessly lifted her hands and let them fall into her lap.

"Please!" urged Ninon, coming over to her side and kneeling down so as to bring her sweet face on a level with Lady Ingram's.

"I will bring you your bonnet and your gloves.

"The drive will be so pleasant in the cool of the evening.

"Say 'Yes!' Ah, that is right! How kind you are!

"How pleasant it all is! I won't be a moment!"

She ran up the stairs.

It was another of Lady Ingram's small economies just then to travel without a maid and to depend a good deal on Ninon's willing young hands and feet.

"On your head be it, Dick!" she said lazily.

"It will be hot; the songs will be risky; we shall have to order, if not to consume, abominable concoctions in the shape of drinks.

"But what does that matter, so long as you can sit near Ninon and contrive to whisper for another hour or so?

"Oh, youth!"

To Ninon's unaccustomed eyes the scene in the Champs Elysees was pretty enough. A full moon was shining overhead, the thousand of milk-white lamps were alight below.

The trees stood motionless and fantastic in the contrasted radiance.

Dick enjoyed the drive, but from the moment that they entered the crowded gardens of the Ambassadors his peace of mind was at an end.

"I am very sorry I brought you," he muttered to Ninon.

"For Heaven's sake, put on a veil if you have one!

"What impertinent brutes these French fellows are!"

It was the old story, at which Ninon shrugged her shoulders wilfully.

"Don't be cross, Dick," she pleaded, in the little whisper and with the swift upward glance that she knew to be irresistible. "The Frenchmen are listening to the songs, and you had better follow their example."

She was in the wildest of spirits.

She insisted on drinking some of the wine with which she was provided.

She admired the gorgeously-dressed young women who lined the stage.

She asked Dick to translate for her when the audience laughed more uproariously than usual over some joke which she had missed, and was surprised to find how little point there was in the joke as rendered by him.

The girl felt a little warm thrill of liking run through her as the honest fellow blushed and stammered over his explanations; she thought quickly that he would take good care of the woman who should trust herself to him, and she began to be a little ashamed of herself for being there at all. And yet had not Katherine allowed her to come?

And was it not very pleasant there under the lights in the mingled moonlight and gas-light, where so many admiring glances met her on all sides, and where Dick was so well able to take care of her?

She looked at him.

His kind face was clouded.

With one of her sudden pretty impulses, the girl put her hand in his arm.

"Dick," she whispered, "you are tired, and so am I.

"I don't like it one bit. Will you take me home? I would rather be sitting and talking quietly with—with Katherine and you.

She was almost frightened at the glance of passionate delight that answered her.

"Why are you not always your own sweet and true self?" the young man answered in the same careful voice.

"If it were only to torment me that you made me bring you here, dear, it was hardly worth while. There are so many other ways left for you."

The girl hung her pretty head.

"Am I such a torment to you then?" she said, her voice trembling.

"Yes—a torment and a delight too. Oh, Ninon, you know it well enough! Come, dear, let me take you out of this horrible place."

Lady Ingram was as lazily willing to go home as she had been to come out.

Between her various campaigns she encouraged in herself a state of agreeable torpor, which was necessary, she considered, for the renewal of her health and the preservation of her youth.

The large drawing-room at the hotel was cool and pleasant enough.

There were her sofa and her novel and her shaded lamp, and there was the balcony beyond the lace curtains for the cousins, where they could sit and look upon the crowded boulevard and the shifting throng that passed to and fro beneath them in the brilliant glare of the electric light.

Dick always remembered that night as the happiest of all during their stay in Paris.

Ninon was in such a pretty, softened unusual mood.

She listened so gently to all his talk about his home and his mother and kind little Mary Hawthorn.

Certainly she did not say much; but she answered "Yes" and "No" whenever it was required of her, and looked at him with sweet cousinly eyes whenever he paused, as if begging him to go on speaking.

And, if sometimes her thoughts were busy with the future—with her dresses and the cottage at Dinard and all the pleasure and excitement that were awaiting her—poor Dick was none the wiser, and only wished, as he had already wished a thousand times since the day of their meeting on the threshold of Madame Poulard's inn, that Ninon could be snatched from Lady Ingram and the unwholesome influence which would surround her in that lady's set, and could be carried off to a quiet English home with his mother, where all that was sweet and womanly in the girl's capricious nature—and there was much—would be developed in the warmth of their happy fireside.

But next day the whirl of shopping and driving and endless weariness began again.

A stream of tradesmen, of young women with boxes and baskets, of messengers, was perpetually invading their drawing-room in the hotel during the short time that Lady Ingram and Ninon spent at home.

Dick could not help catching glimpses—like Pepys of old in the palace gardens—of wonderful laced petticoats, of many-colored silken hose, of dozens and dozens of handkerchiefs tied with blue and pink ribbons and embroided, in every fantastic fashion that it was possible to conceive, with the name of "Ninon."

These, with boots and shoes, with gloves, fans, laces—a hundred pretty trifles—came pouring in incessantly, until they overflowed from the bed-room and the box-room, and took possession of the drawing-room tables and sofas.

Then came Worth's all-important intimation, causing a thrill of excitement and necessitating the countermanding of many orders.

For the great man had decreed that Miss Masserene was to be dressed entirely in white, and further requested that the young lady should refrain from the wearing of any ornaments except pearls.

Lady Ingram confessed herself a little doubtful as to the result; but Worth politely pooh-poohed her fears.

In a year or two colors might be desirable for Miss Masserene.

At present it would be little less than a sin to throw away her marvellous complexion on anything but white.

And accordingly costume upon costume in every shade from dead white to cream were added to the store of pretty things for which so many new trunks had had to be bought—dresses in white cashmere, in white gauze, in white silk, white satin, white velvet, white brocade—in every conceivable material and form.

Ninon looked at them with as much suppressed amazement as if they had been the sudden gift of a fairy godmother.

"We must see about the hats and bonnets at once," decided Lady Ingram practically. "Mantel had better come and study the costumes at her leisure. She will know what to do then for each."

And indeed a splendid young lady, with fair hair and long gloves and a bunch of roses in her belt, came from the famous bonnet-maker, and spent a morning in inspecting Miss Masserene's dresses and in making notes respecting them in an elegant little pocket-book.

"How in the world are you going to pack all these things?" groaned poor Dick, who was compelled to kick his heels all day long in the glaring hot streets and to content himself with an hour or two of Ninon's society in the evening.

"I don't believe Ninon will put half of them on."

"Ninon will dress four times a day at Dinard, my dear Dick; and we don't intend to wear the same gown twice. But make your mind easy.

"Worth will send his own packers, and so will Mantel, and they won't forget to charge for their services in the bills. But there—I think Ninon may have a holiday this afternoon.

"You may go and moon with her in the Champs Elysees, if you like. I am tired, and will not go out."

The two young people went off, nothing loath, and Ninon insisted on seeing Guignol and laughed till she cried over a drama called "La Pommade du Senegal," like the child that she sometimes was.

And afterwards they sat on the chairs and watched what was left of Paris in August driving towards the Bois.

Ninon exclaimed at the beauty of one or two ladies in pink dresses, who drove by, lying in their little victorias; but Dick frowned and changed the subject, in spite of his cousin's amused interest in their funny little postillions, with their red jackets and white wigs tied with black ribbons.

"I don't think you like Paris!" pouted Ninon.

"I don't think you care to be here even with me.

"And I am so happy! I love to be in a big city.

"I love the glitter and the noise and the people."

"Poor child!" said Dick heartily.

"Why 'poor child'?" asked Ninon wonderingly.

"Why do you pity me, Dick?"

"Because you never have known anything better, or you would not care for the glitter and emptiness and wickedness of Paris.

"I don't like to hear an English girl talk like that."

"But I am not English," returned Ninon flushing.

"I am Irish; and I have lived all my life abroad.

"And I know I am not proper and prim, like Miss Hawthorn. And you need not stay with me any longer, thank you. I am going home to Katherine."

"Ninon!" cried the young man, springing up to follow her as she hastened across the walk, evidently meaning to hail a carriage on her own account.

But she would not listen.

Every one turned to stare at the beautiful angry young creature as she flashed past them.

Dick looked at them with savage eyes.

"Ninon," he said, coming up with her in a few hasty strides, "you are not to walk on by yourself—do you hear?"

"I will," she said perversely.

"You shall not. Do you want me to knock some of those French fellows down? It is of no use your trying to get away. I will not let you go."

And then he called a victoria and put her in, and took his seat by her side.

"Ninon, need you make me so miserable?" he said in a low voice.

"Heaven knows I am unhappy enough already!"

Upon which the girl began to sob.

"Is it my fault?" she said passionately. "Did I ask you to come with us? Do you think it is so pleasant to be scolded and frowned at all day long? What have I done that you should pity me? I am very much to be envied. There is not a girl in the world who would not give her eyes to be in my place!"

"Ninon!"

"Don't speak to me!" she cried, while the people who drove past them regarded the little scene with curious eyes. "Let me alone! You are very unkind and I hate you!"

Nor would she speak another word to him until they reached the hotel.

CHAPTER VI.

THEY were going to the Opera that evening. As he waited in the drawing-room for the ladies to appear before dinner, Dick wondered wretchedly whether his beautiful capricious tyrant meant to go on being cruel to him. He had brought two bouquets. Would Ninon accept hers, or would she fling it in his face? It was impossible to tell at all times what she might not do.

And he stood staring blankly out into the noisy street, with his hands in his pockets, whistling a rueful tune and feeling very unhappy indeed.

And then suddenly a timid little hand was laid upon his arm, and the sweetest lowest voice spoke his name; and, turning as though he had received an electric shock, he saw such a charming penitent face close to his shoulder that all his doubts and perplexities vanished into thin air.

The storm was over, with its bewildering flashes and angry rain-drops; a pretty April sunshine had succeeded it, and was smiling at him out of Ninon's blue eyes.

"I am so sorry!" she said, making up a little mouth. "I was in a very bad temper. Dick, will you forgive me, and let us be friends again?"

The poor fellow made a helpless gesture of assent, of delight, of consciousness of his own madness, and took the girl's two feverish little hands in his.

"Ninon," he said, the words seeming to be wrung from him in his pain, "why did I ever see you, my dear?"

"Now, Dick, don't begin again," she said gently.

"Have we not been very happy together? Have you forgotten it all already—the evening on the ramparts and the journey to Paris?

"You are not half as glad to have found a cousin as I am."

"I have forgotten nothing," said poor Dick abruptly.

"Why should you? Are not we going to be friends all our lives? And"—with a charming smile up into his troubled face, as they stood holding each other's hands—"do you know what I have got for you, by way of making up for my bad behavior today?"

He shook his head.

It did not much matter to him what she said, so long as they were together, looking into each other's eyes and holding each other's hands.

"An invitation to Les Buissons for the summer!" Ninon declared, with pretty triumph.

"I have talked Katherine over. You are not to go to the hotel at Dinard; you are to come to the cottage with us. Now am I not a good little Ninon, and will you promise not to scold me any more?"

Dick was silent, his gaze still passionately fixed on her face.

"Have you nothing to say?" asked the girl, a little hurt.

"I thought you would be so pleased. Of course, if you would rather go to the hotel, or if you would rather go back to Miss Hawthorn——"

"That is what I should do, if I were manly enough," said poor Dick, with a groan. "But, see, I am not. I cannot leave you. I know what a fool I am for my pains. I know what misery I am laying up for myself by staying near you; but I cannot go!"

"Dick!"

Ninon's eyes sank.

She tried to withdraw her hands.

"You are not very complimentary to—to Katherine and me."

"I am telling the truth," he answered simply. "It is not always very pleasant to speak or to hear. But forgive me, dear; I have no right to distress you with my perplexities. It was very good of you to get me the invitation, and of course I accept it. A summer with Ninon Masserene! I wonder what man would not accept it, no matter at what cost to himself!"

"Dick, you are not to make pretty speeches, sir; that is worse a great deal! It is settled then? I am so glad! It would have spoiled my pleasure a little if you had not been there."

Dick shook his head again, as he released her hands and Lady Ingram came into the room.

"I said 'a little,'" declared Ninon demurely; and, turning to Lady Ingram, she added, "You see I was right, Katherine, and Dick will be very glad of a month or two at Dinard with us. He is waiting to say 'Thank you' to you for the invitation to Les Buissons."

"My dear Dick, don't trouble yourself," said Lady Ingram languidly. "There is no reason to! Tell me this time next year whether you feel grateful or not. I think myself you are going to put yourself into a very false position. You don't suppose Ninon will have any time to waste upon you there? My dear boy, she will be surrounded by adorers a hundred times as rich as you.

"You will not have the remotest chance; and, finding the situation disagreeable, you will probably sulk, which will not mend matters in the least and will merely lay you open to ridicule."

"Does all that mean," cried Dick, trying to laugh, "that your ladyship regrets your kindness already, and that you had confidently depended on my declining your invitation?"

Lady Ingram shrugged her shoulders.

"I am not of so irresistible a temperament as all that," she retorted.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Town and Country.

BY P. C. BERRETTA.

WELL, well, I wish you'd make haste and decide," said Mr. Worthington, a trifle testily, to his deliberating wife and daughter.

Mr. Worthington, who had worked his way from a country farmhouse to a West-end mansion, though proud of his aristocratic wife and daughter, feebly resented this annual outlay, and was inclined to ill-temper accordingly.

"I suggest Brighton," said Miss Worthington, whose emphasis on the pronoun seemed to seal the suggestion.

"Or Hastings," sighed mamma, reflectively.

"No," coolly vetoed Cordelia," "we've been there so often.

"Now let me see."

And heedless of irate papa's impatience, she fell to meditating.

"What shall we do with Bert?" she questioned, carelessly looking up, as though Bert were a superfluous piece of furniture, scarcely worth the price of storage.

"Leave her at home with Miss Mills," said her mother promptly.

"A child like that should not neglect her studies for amusement."

As papa stood on the hearthrug, dangling his gold seals and inwardly fuming, there was the ripple of a light laugh without the oaken doors of the breakfast-room; then a quick rush downstairs—the last three cleared with a leap—a rapid turn of the handle, and startling all, flushed, panting, laughing, a slim young figure burst into the room.

"Bertha!"

Mamma's voice was stern with dignified reproof.

"Beg pardon, all!

"I thought breakfast was over.

"Hector and I were having a run in the yard, you know.

"How he barked!

"Did you hear him, Cordelia?

"And when I went upstairs, there was Hector behind me, and——"

"We are not interested in the exploits of your canine companion," interrupted her elder sister's smooth tones.

"We were discussing something more important."

"Oh!" Bertie said, apologetically, feeling slightly crushed, and still standing with her back against the door.

The keen May sunshine showed the two faces — Cordelia's regular-featured, pale, proud-lipped, with light-blue eyes, and masses of dim-gold hair coiled smoothly behind her head; and Bertie's—well, not exactly pretty, but infinitely more charming than that of the acknowledged beauty of the family.

Her long, thick hair was blown into loose waves by the cool morning wind; her eyes were shining; her cheeks as bright as wild poppies.

"It shall be Brighton," decided Cordelia, rising, at last.

"Going to Brighton?" cried Bertie, the irrepressible.

"Why don't you go to West Row?"

"West Row," scornfully.

"Where is West Row?"

And she condescended to look at her younger sister as she said it.

"Why, don't you know—really?

"It's the place where Cousin Samantha lives.

"Way out in the country somewhere."

"What a lucid explanation," sneeringly.

"'Way out in the country somewhere!' Well, we do not purpose spending the summer in a common farmhouse, with country boors for associates——"

"Cordelia!"—the fresh, young voice rang out in indignant reproof—"you ought to be ashamed of yourself.

"If it is a common farmhouse, it was good enough for papa, and ought to surely be good enough for us.

"Country boors!

"I just wish some of your languid nonentities from the Æsthetic Club were half such thorough gentlemen, that's all."

"Bravo, Bert!

"You're your father's daughter, every inch of you," cried Caleb Worthington's voice, in ringing approval.

"It's the jolliest old place under the sun, if it is a common farmhouse, and I'll take you down there this June.

"See if I don't."

And, surprised into forgetting his pomposity, he caught his favorite in his arms and gave her a sounding kiss.

"Will you?

"Do you mean it?"

"Mean it?

"Blest if I don't!

"But I say, Bert," as the others uplifted left the room, "what made you take up the cudgels for the West Row boys?

"Was it," quizzically pinching a warm velvet cheek—"was it because of the lad I introduced to you in my office last September?

"A deuced fine fellow, eh?

"Were you thinking of him, Miss Diplomacy?"

But, blushing furiously, Bert shook her head with suspiciously emphatic decision, and, slipping from her father's arm, ran out of the room.

So, when city aristocrats were crowding to the green gloom of forest solitudes, or the crush and glitter of a fashionable watering-place, the names of Mrs. and Miss Worthington appeared upon the hotel register of the Royal Hotel, Brighton.

And the same day Caleb Worthington took a long glorious holiday, and carried Bertie off to his native town—a struggling world-forgotten little place among the hills.

And in the long scented summer days that followed, the girl grew to love everything animate and inanimate round Poppy Farm.

One evening she loitered in the great sloping gardens before the verandahed green shuttered house.

Such gardens!

Not the painfully regular Dutch diagrams we city folks boast—prim, concise, box-hedged—but whole sheets of color, fragrant, luxuriant, bloomful.

A gentleman passing, young, good-looking, grey-clad, paused suddenly outside the low rustic fence.

A moment more and he had vaulted over and was standing, bareheaded, at Bertie's side.

"Miss Worthington, may I hope I am not forgotten?"

"Mr. Carlyn!"

She held out a little tanned hand, a hot glow kindling under the big straw garden-hat.

"I have been absent from West Row some time," he said, looking quizzically at the bright changeful face under the shadow hat; "but Mrs. Dent and I are very old friends.

"So being terribly behind-hand in my visits to Poppy Farm, I intend now to take advantage of the weather and atone for my neglect."

Somehow, Bertie fell to thinking that night, as she sat in the shadow of the rosy chintz curtains, of Cordelia's last scornful words—

"I suppose you'll have some country admirers in that almost mythical West Row, but don't lose your heart, Bertie.

"They're all the same, these rustic beaux—awkward, blushing, stupid."

And then she thought of Reuben Carlyn's easy courteous manner, his quiet gentlemanly grace.

"And if Mr. Carlyn is a country farmer, Mr. Soon," said Bertie coolly, apostrophising the placid smiling face in the sky above her, "I—well, I don't really dislike country farmers, that's all."

And three days later she wrote Cordelia a long recrossed letter, saying she was going to marry a West Row boy and live in West Row for ever."

And Cordelia replied frigidly that they had always known (Bertie) would disgrace the family.

"You don't mind being a farmer's wife, pet?" Reuben questioned eagerly.

"Mind?

"Of course I mind, sir.

"But when there is no other way of satisfying a troublesome boy——

"By-the-way, when shall I see the farm?"

"Soon, my darling."

Caleb Worthington chuckled and laughed as he read Cordelia's letter.

"Pack up, Bertie; we must be home as soon as mamma.

"Our pleasant holiday is over.

"Don't look so forlorn, little one, Carlyn's coming up too."

It was evening when the trio reached the city.

The carriage rolled through the fashionable thoroughfares and stopped before a great mansion.

Lights gleamed from within, lace curtains fluttered at the windows.

Reuben sprang out and held his hand to Bertie.

Bewildered, she passed with him, her father following, up the steps and into the long lighted drawing-room.

A little silver-haired old lady, in a dark rustling silk, came briskly forward.

"Welcome, my dear.

"Don't you know me?

"I'm Reuben's mother."

And then, as in a dream, Bertie saw her father shaking hands with the diminutive person in black, and Reuben kissing her heartily.

Than as Caleb Worthington caught sight of Bertie's bewildered face, he burst into a shout of laughter.

"It is all right, Bert; but what a conspiracy it was to be sure.

"Reuben's the son of my old friend Jim Carlyn.

"He was badly smitten that day in my office, and got up the romantic notion of winning you for love.

"He's done it, my girl, he's done it."

"And aren't you a country farmer?"

Reuben laughed, and caught the little wondering face in his white hands.

"I'm a West Row boy, was born and lived there, own a nice place down there to-day; but this is my only farmhouse, little woman.

"Are you sorry?"

"And now you've had a glimpse of your domain, hurry up, Bert, for mamma's expecting us at home," cried Mr. Worthington.

And Bertie laughed—a little, happy, hysterical laugh—and hid her face on her lover's breast.

"Oh, I'm so glad.

"You naughty papa."

Then, womanlike—

"What will Cordelia say?"

But Bertie, so happy in her beautiful home and her husband's royal love, could not hear Cordelia's murmur of rebellious resignation—

"It is kismet.

"That child to win the catch of the season.

"It was West Row versus Brighton. Dear me!"

ANCIENT STATIONERY.—Is it not strange in these days of cheap stationery to think of a time when both parchment and papyrus had become so rare and so exorbitantly expensive that both Greeks and Romans were in the habit of using a palimpsest, which was simply some old manuscript with the former writing erased? Thus countless works of authors now celebrated, and whose every word is held priceless in this nineteenth century, were ruthlessly destroyed by their contemporaries. Verily those prophets lacked honor! Many were the expedients resorted to by the early scribes for the supply of writing materials. There was no scribbling paper whereon to jot down trivial memoranda or accounts, but the heaps of broken pots and crockery of all sorts, which are so abundant in all Eastern towns, prove the first suggestion for such china tablets and slates as we now use, and bits of smooth stone or tiles were constantly used for this purpose, and remain to this day. Fragments of ancient tiles thus wrote on (such tiles as that whereon Ezekiel was commanded to portray the city of Jerusalem) have been found in many places. The island of Elephantine, on the Nile, is said to have furnished more than a hundred specimens of these memoranda which are now in various museums. One of these is a soldiers's leave of absence, scribbled on a fragment of an old vase. How little those scribes and accountants foresaw the interest with which learned descendants of the barbarians of the isles would one day treasure their rough notes! Still quainter were the writing materials of the ancient Arabs, who before the time of Mohammed used to carve their annals on the shoulder-blades of sheep; these "sheep-bone chronicles" were strung together, and thus preserved. After a while, sheep's bones were replaced by sheep's skin, and the manufacture of parchment was brought to such perfection as to place it among the refinements of art. We hear of vellums that were tinted yellow, others were dyed of a purple, and the writing thereon was in golden ink, with gold borders and many-colored decorations. These precious manuscripts were anointed with the oil of cedar to preserve them from moths. We hear of one such in which the name of Mohammed is adorned with garlands of tulips and carnations painted in vivid colors. Still more precious was the silky paper of the Persians, powdered with gold and silver dust, whereon were painted rare illuminations, while the book was perfumed with attar of roses or essence of sandal-wood. Of the demand for writing materials one may form some faint notions from the vast manuscript libraries of which records have been preserved, as having been collected by the Caliphs both of the East and West, the former in Bagdad, the latter in Andalusia, where there were 80 great public libraries, besides that vast one of Cordova. We also hear of private libraries, such as that of a physician who declined an invitation from the Sultan of Bokhara because the carriage of his books would have required 400 camels. If all the physicians of Bagdad were equally literary, the city could scarcely have contained their books, as we hear that the medical brotherhood numbered 860 licensed practitioners.

THE RAZOR-BACK HOG.—To the traveler through Texas, one of the strangest and most peculiar features of landscape is the razor-back hog. He is of Swiss cottage style of architecture. His physical outline is angular to a degree unknown outside of a text-book on the science of geometry. The country razor-back prowls around in the woods, and lives on acorns, peanuts and roots; when he can spare time he climbs under his owner's fence, and assist in harvesting the corn crop. In this respect he is neighborly to a fault, and, when his duty to the owner's crop will allow, he will readily turn in and assist the neighbors, even working at night rather than see his crop spoil for want of attention. Crossing the razor-back with blue blooded stock makes but little improvement. The only effective way to improve him is to cross him with a railroad train. He then becomes an imported Berkshire or Poland-China hog, and if he does not knock the train off the track, the railroad pays for him at the rate of $1 a pound, for which they are allowed the mournful privilege of shoveling the remains off the track. The ham of the razor-back is more juicy than the hind leg of an iron fire-dog, but not quite so fat as a pine knot.

IT rather reduces the heartiness of a laugh at a story you've just related when a wheezy old man in the corner pipes out, "That's good, but it isn't the way I heard it fifty years ago."

NEARLY all the southern papers charge from $5 to $10 per head for announcing political candidates. In this matter the press prevents a rush of over twenty candidates for each office.

Bric-a-Brac.

DISCIPLE OF ESCULAPIUS.—A designation given to a medical practitioner in heathen mythology, Esculapius is represented as the god of medicine.

HUMAN STRENGTH.—It is ascertained that, toward the end of the seventeenth century, in Holland, four men had the same amount of power which five men had a century afterward. The food had essentially changed.

FRESH WATER.—The largest body of fresh water on the globe is Lake Superior 400 miles long, 160 miles wide at its greatest breadth, and having an area of 32,000 square miles. Its mean depth is said to be 900 and its greatest depth about 200 fathoms. Its surface is about 635 feet above the level of the sea.

LATHES.—Lathe for turning ivory, wood, iron, and other substances, so as to shape them to the views of the artist, was originally an instrument of rude construction, invented by Talus, a grandson of Dædalus, about 1240 B. C. Pliny ascribes the invention to Theodore of Samos. Modern lathe engines frequently cost thousands of dollars.

THE HORSE.—In Russia people do not use blinders to cover the eyes of horses, and so they seldom get frightened. They know when to start, because they can see when the people have got into the carriages, and when they hear noises they can see the cause. Blinders it is said were invented by an English nobleman to hide a defect in the eyes of a valuable horse, and then they were found to be good places for the nobility to put on their coats-of-arms, and so they came into fashion.

THE LONGEST HAIR.—The longest piece of hair on record, exhibited at the Great Exhibition of 1851 in London, belonged to a French girl of Paris, and was 72 inches in length. The story of the one that measured 64 inches is rather romantic. It came from the head of a Swabian peasant girl, who had two suitors for her hand, one a poor farm hand, and the other a rich miller. The miller owned the cottage in which the Swabian girl and her widowed mother lived, and being as selfish and unscrupulous as he was wealthy, threatened to drive his tenants out of their home unless his suit was successful, although they had already paid part of the price demanded for the cottage, and were saving and working to pay the remainder. In this emergency a traveling hair merchant appeared in the village, and sooner than marry the wealthy miller, or, on the other hand, have her aged mother driven from house and home, the girl determined upon the sacrifice of her beautiful hair. It was taken to the Leipsic annual fair, and sold there to an American dealer.

A ROYAL STORY.—The royal house of Wurtemberg in Germany derives its name, a contemporary tells us, from the following legend. A poor burgher fell in love with the daughter of the Emperor of Austria, as the two young people saw no prospect of obtaining the Imperial consent to their union, they fled together into Suabia, where they bought a small piece of land and established an inn. It stood at the foot of a mountain, and its possessor therefore went by the name of the "Wirt am Berg," or the "Landlord at the Mountain." One day the Emperor was travelling to Frankford, and stopped on his way at his daughter's house without recognizing her. She knew him directly, and persuaded her husband to make themselves known to the Emperor and to beg his forgiveness. Accordingly, taking their little son, they all fell at his feet entreating his pardon, which he willingly granted, as he was overjoyed to find his daughter. Moreover, the Emperor created his son-in-law a duke; but in memory of this occurence he was to keep his name of "Wirt am Berg," which subsequently became Wirtemberg, or in modern times Wurtemberg.

MAKING FRIENDS IN ALASKA.—A letter to a San Francisco paper says, we experienced no trouble from the natives, except in the early part of the winter they would come and stand about our doors and windows and get in our way generally, so that they became a nuisance. When the frost gathered on our windows they kept peep-holes open by licking the frost with their tongues. This we finally got rid of by making a strong decoction of cayenne pepper and painting the outside of the glass, so that licking was not at all comfortable. A few of the respectable ones were occasionally let into the house. If any of these did not behave themselves we treated them with very little ceremony, so that they soon became afraid of us, and were very civil. At first some of them had a habit of opening the door and walking into the house as if they were the owners, and after a short time we got tired of this and kicked a few of them out, and by that means they have improved in their manners considerably. There is very little fight in them, and they never stick together or stand up for each other. If you cuff one, the rest stand around and look on and laugh and say it is good, and the fellow getting chastised is bad. They are not at all handsome, but then they are quite well for savages. The women when young are much better looking than the men, but all are very dirty, and never dream of washing any part of their bodies. The men wear a large pair of bone buttons, like shirt studs, in their under lips, and it gives them anything but a pleasant appearance. The women tattoo their chins, which they consider a great mark of beauty, but I cannot say that I agree with them on that point.

MINE.

BY A. Y. R.

Not much of earth belongs to me,
A few short feet of mossy ground,
Soon measured o'er, in sheltered nook,
A little lowly grass-clothed mound.
Not much—for all I have lies here—
A maiden young, and fresh, and fair;
A very flower in early Spring.
She seemed to scent the vacant air.

But Death, with never-idle scythe,
Cut short my darling's little life;
And buried with her are the dreams
Of when we should be man and wife.
Not much of earth belongs to me,
Yet is that little dearer far
Than any gem on monarch's brow,
Than light is to the evening star.

Not much of earth belongs to me,
But in yon heaven of sapphire blue,
One treasure stored is all my own,
A maiden lovely, sweet and true.
Death may not hold the fragile flowers;
They die, but every Spring-tide brings
A new and bright awakening
Of all earth's pleasant sleeping things.

So doth my flower bloom again
In yonder blissful, deathless home;
An angel wears her at his breast
Until her long-lost lover come.
And as I sit beside her grave,
Shining in tender Spring sunshine,
It seems to me as though all earth
And all of heaven were wholly mine.

RED RIDING-HOOD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PENRIVEL; OR, THE MYSTERY OF ST. EOLON," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXV.—[CONTINUED.]

YOUR lordship hasn't no call to make such remarks as them. I'm my cousin's lawful guardian under the Court—good money paid in to get me the right—and till she is of age, there isn't a man in England can interfere with me, except, maybe, her father, and he isn't likely to turn up. And, if I choose to let my cousin play-act and make money, that's my business and nobody else's.

"As for her being a slave, that's nonsense. She's took proper care of certainly, and needs must, with a hundred young fellows at a time serenading her, and making all manners of love in their mad furrin way. So I stick to my post, and stand by her because she's worth taking care of; and there's an end.

"We don't want a husband to pocket all her earnings just yet. Eh, that's the grievance, isn't it?"

"How can Grace endure this man? What a martyrdom she is suffering! And on the other side, bad as he is, perhaps he is her only protector against Delgado and his fraternity.

"It is horrible—most horrible!" said Lord Enderby to himself, as he rose in speechless disgust and crossed the room to say goodbye to Lady Brentwyche and Anne.

"Gregory has been making you angry?" observed Lady Brentwyche anxiously.

"And no wonder," said Mrs. Blake, in a hot tone.

"He makes me angry too.

"Money isn't everything. I'm paying too dear for money.

"I'm miserable in this life; and, if it was not for Grace, who is a dear good girl, I'd go home to-morrow."

"Don't leave her," said Lord Enderby pleadingly, taking her hand, and feeling that in her remained almost his only hope of Grace's safety.

"I don't mean to, my lord," returned Mrs. Blake, tears springing to her eyes, more in anger than in tenderness.

"Neither do I," said Molly solemnly. "I'm her guardian-angel, only I don't stand on one leg like an angel, with my other leg flying out behind me somewheres; but I'm as good as an angel to her all the same."

Lord Soulis had been talking seriously to his sister, but, on hearing Molly's speech, he turned an amused face towards her.

"Have you seen any angels lately?" he asked.

"Lots!" said Molly.

"And they ain't so good as their picturs. I used to think that, if I was good enough, I might grow to be an angel; but, now I've seen 'em close, I'd sooner stop bad and bide as I am."

"You can't have seen good angels," observed Lord Soulis, staring at Molly as if he felt inclined to poke her with his cane to see if she was real.

"They must have been the ones from below."

"There's up and down angels," returned Molly.

"The up ones flies upon wires and twiddles their legs, the down ones keep their legs quiet, and makes the most of their arms afore they pops under."

"Oh, I see!" said Lord Soulis.

"I wish you would come to the theatre," said Molly affectionately.

"I'd play cat's-cradle with 'ee, if you'd come.

"You look as of you'd like it. Wouldn't 'ee now?"

"You pay me a great compliment; but I fear I should not be permitted to go behind the scenes and play that exciting game with you."

"I'll ask Grace to let you come," said Molly, beaming on him with a very broad smile.

"Yes, do, as your friend. Say as your particular friend," rejoined the young man eagerly.

"And I won't forget to bring a good ball of twine.

"Cat's-cradle is a capital game. Hallo! Enderby, are you off?"

Lord Enderby, while speaking to Lady Anne, had caught some of this absurd conversation.

He went away, wondering if it would be possible to get speech with Grace at the theatre, through Molly.

He drove straight to Count Stroloff's house, and found that diplomatic and literary gentleman at home, busy correcting the proofs of an article on the merciful and humane treatment of convicts in Russia, as compared with the system in vogue in France and England.

It was an article calculated to remove insular prejudices by the mere force of its facts.

"Have you heard the news? The Duke di Valdivia is dead," said the Count.

"Then my last hope for his daughter is gone," returned Lord Enderby, his voice full of dejection and pain.

"Oh, it is not that one! It is the uncle—the ultra-respectable member of the family, who never did anything but take care of his own interests all his life. Well, and the minister is urging us secretly to grant a pardon to the nephew; but that is impossible—it can't be done."

"Why not?" cried Lord Enderby eagerly.

"Our Government is too just to grant a pardon to a man simply because he is an aristocrat and heir now to enormous wealth."

"But is there no other way? Two years ago you promised me——"

"To send you news, and do what I could. Well, I have fulfilled my promise in both instances.

"I have managed to get his condition greatly ameliorated, and the sums his daughter has sent him have been of infinite service to him, relieving him from a thousand miseries.

"So these two years of a happier existence have improved his health and appearance, and prepared him for a return to civilized life."

"His return!" said Lord Enderby very gloomily.

"Have you not just said that it is impossible?"

"No.

"I said a pardon was impossible. An escape is not."

"But the difficulties and the length of the journey!

"Oh, he would be retaken within a week at least!"

"All difficulties can be surmounted with money.

"He has been allowed to receive his remittances; he will escape."

"You mean his escape will be connived at?"

"I mean nothing of the kind—our officials of course are incorruptible. I simply mean he will accomplish his escape himself. And at St. Petersburg or some other city he will be re-arrested," said the Count, with one of his ambiguous smiles.

"Then mine is a forlorn hope indeed!" returned Lord Enderby, with dejection in face and voice.

"You lose hope too soon.

"I ask you, would it be fair to us that this man should return to the enjoyment of rank and a princely fortune only to plot against our Government, only to scheme how to assassinate our Emperor?"

"Certainly not."

"Then we intend to provide against such a contingency.

"His arrest will be kept a secret.

"He will have tasted of liberty, he will be full of hope and life—a new prison will not fret his soul.

"A paper will be placed before him to sign—a paper which in the dead monotony of Siberia he would never sign, but which he will sign now.

"If he hesitates, he will be pressed by the Italian Minister, and he will yield. The longing for liberty, the yearning for his country, his home, and his daughter will force him into compliance with our terms."

"And what will those terms be? Do not count me indiscreet.

"You know you can trust me," said Lord Enderby, with eagerness.

"I know all you stake in this man," returned the Count.

"You will neither betray him nor me at the risk of your life and all its happiness. So I think I can trust you," he added, with one of his fine smiles.

"Our terms will be that he leaves the Nihilists for ever.

"We shall not ask him to betray them—he would not do that—but to withdraw from them and refuse his aid to them in any way."

"If know all you stake in this man," returned the Count.

"You will neither betray him nor me at the risk of your life and all its happiness.

"So I think I can trust you," he added, with one of his fine smiles.

"Our terms will be that he leaves the Nihilists forever.

"We shall not ask him to betray them—he would not do that—but to withdraw from them, and refuse his aid to them in any way."

"If he did that, his position would be the same as mine, and he would be condemned to death."

"You are alive yet," said the Count, smiling.

"This fact will give him hope, and the fear will be uncertain; it will not be strong enough to counteract the dread of returning to the mines of Siberia.

"Think what longings, affections, passionate desires he must give up if he refuses to sign the document we shall set before him!

"Oh, he will renounce his friends, depend on it?"

"And then?"

"And then he will be permitted to escape again—safely this time.

"And in Italy there await him rank and wealth and a princely welcome and the love of a peerless daughter."

"You draw a bright picture.

"But supposes he refuses it all?"

And as he spoke Lord Enderby drew a deep breath, almost of agony.

"In that case his last state would be worse than the first.

"Let us hope, for his own sake, that he will not refuse.

"A prisoner who tries to escape is, on recapture, subject to certain prison discipline.

"We have discarded the knout, but its substitute is considered rather the worse of the two.

"You are shocked, you think this horrible.

"My dear fellow, it is going on constantly under your own nose, in your own prisons.

"All these things are the necessities of civilization.

"Now you may depart in peace; the business is all arranged.

"I declare I have exerted myself for his daughter's sake.

"She deserves all the trouble I have taken."

"She does indeed.

"I am not eloquent in thanks," said Lord Enderby; "but you know and feel how much you have obliged me."

"There, there—I am rewarded if you carry away a lightened heart."

Lord Enderby did indeed feel as though a load was lifted from his spirit as he drove homewards.

The Count, as the door closed, looked after him with a half sigh.

"A very good young fellow!

"It is a pity I can't save him from being shot one of these days.

"These scamps are as relentless as bloodhounds."

He drew a telegram form towards him and wrote on it:

"Arrange for the escape of Reno at once. His presence is needed here."

"Yes; it is time he made his appearance on the scene; for his daughter is making a great deal too much money for the Nihilists," said the Count to himself, as he folded and addressed his telegram to an official high in office in his own land.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

WHAT are you two talking about so seriously?" asked Lady Brentwyche, turning to Anne and her brother.

This was after Gregory and her sister had taken their leave.

"Soulis overheard last night a conversation in Italian between two actors which startled him," said Anne.

"Well, it sounded rather diabolical," added Soulis himself, "but it might have been only stage villainy."

Then he related his story, rather disjointedly, as he had heard it.

Lady Brentwyche listened, her giddy laugh often on her lips, but an expression in her eyes that told of hidden fear.

"You overheard part of the plot of a new sensational drama," she said, "that is self-evident, and, one actor having failed, or fallen ill, another proposes to take his part."

"So you think I need not bother myself?" asked Lord Soulis, greatly relieved by these words.

"Not unless you want to be laughed at."

"But, aunt," said Lady Anne, "Soulis has not explained that one of the actors was that Peruvian Delgado, with whom you used to be so friendly."

"With whom I am still friendly, child; but, now he is an actor, or rather a singer, for he can't act, he has no time to bestow so much attention on me; however, we are still devoted to each other," she said, laughing her childish laugh in her prettiest way.

"Aunty, I don't believe you," said Lady Anne.

"I believe you are really getting to hate the creature as much as I do."

"Upon my word, he looked hateful last night," observed Lord Soulis.

"I never saw such an expression on any man's face as his wore when he stared at Enderby."

Anne turned pale, but said nothing.

Lady Brentwyche remarked carelessly that actors were a jealous race.

"But why should he be so jealous of Enderby?" asked Lord Soulis.

"He thinks he is his rival with Grace," returned Lady Brentwyche, a certain shrinking in her voice as she glanced at her niece.

"That fellow!" exclaimed the young man.

"Does he presume to look at that peerless girl?"

"And is Lord Enderby in love with her, too?"

It was Anne who answered, her voice tender and steady.

"He has loved her a long while.

"They were engaged two years ago; and she is worthy of all his affection."

"I should think so," said Lord Soulis, rising.

"She is worthy the best love any man can give.

"But I must go.

"I cannot stand even another word after this."

"You have scattered all my fond hopes, Anne."

He seemed more than half in earnest, though he spoke in a joking tone.

"Good-bye.

"Please tell that original angel, Molly, that I can't play cat's-cradle with her to-night."

Lady Brentwyche left the room when he was gone.

Her heart was too heavy even to bear Anne's presence.

She had sore need of solitude.

In the boudoir she flung herself upon a couch, and covered her face with her hands.

She felt bewildered, lost, tossed to and fro on a sea of pain.

Hitherto she had not quite believed in Delgado's passion for Grace.

There was still some room for doubting it, he had been so smooth, so soft, so flattering.

But now she saw the truth.

Her hold over him was gone—quite gone—and any day he might become an enemy.

She had secretly a ghastly fear of this man; it was this very fear that had made her conciliate him, and feel glad when he loved her, or seemed to love her.

Now this mask of love was torn away, and they stood face to face, like two deadly creatures at bay, not yet in a death-struggle, but soon to be, unless the circumstances which set them at war changed entirely.

This was impossible; so she and Delgado were bound to grapple and try each other's strength in a battle for life.

She did not deceive herself: the one who lost must die.

* * * * * *

Lord Enderby came often to see Anne.

She was the only person to whom he could talk freely of Grace; and she had much to tell him.

Through her the lovers conversed; they sent each other many a tender message, many a flower, which was a token or a remembrance; and it came to be a settled thing that on the nights Grace played or sang the flowers she wore or the bouquet she carried should be her lover's gifts.

Lady Anne was always loyal and true.

No pang of envy or of jealousy ever disturbed her faithful friendship.

She was one of those rare women who could love unselfishly and without a single touch of bitterness bear to see another preferred before her.

Grace was worthy of Enderby, and, in choosing her he had made a noble choice; this was content to Anne.

Lord Enderby at first had made many angry efforts to see Grace; but, at her urgent entreaties, sent through Anne, he ceased these, fearing to cause her pain, fearing to render her life more irksome, and to expose her to a greater tyranny unless he refrained.

But he did this with a hope of which Grace knew nothing.

He was bound to hold secret his knowledge of the chance of escape that would be given to Valdivia.

But he counted the days impatiently, and waited with a fever of hope which he could share with no one.

Even could he have spoken, he felt it would have been cruel to do so, for the difficulties and dangers in the prisoner's way were so many that he might never surmount them, and then Grace would have had her heart wrung in vain.

One day Grace talked of her father to Anne.

"It is the dream of my life," she said, "to rescue him when I am of age and free.

"Then I hope we shall escape to America and in that great country find a refuge from the face of our foes."

"Why not in England?

"Cannot you and Alan give him a splendid home?"

Grace was silent.

Anne sometimes noted that she never spoke of a future with her lover, never glanced at the possibility of a marriage between them.

Anne had often urged her to grant him a secret meeting, but with a strange persistence she had refused this.

Anne could not guess at all the terror which led to the refusal.

Grace never complained, never uttered a murmur at the life of restraint she was made to lead.

She was paying the price of the deep consolation Alan Fitzurse bore in his mind with every thought of his child, and she was content to pay it.

She never grudged the sacrifice she had made.

She had loved the child, and she loved the father.

All she did or suffered for her love was a joy.

Every remembrance of Caermorran was dear as of old, and to her Lord Enderby was always the Alan Fitzurse who had sheltered her in kindness, and whom she had learned to love day by day as innocently and dearly as the flowers love the sun.

Sometimes Grace talked of her own career as a musician.

"The sums paid me are enormous.

"My gains in money-value are greater than a statesman's, a warrior's, or a poet's.

"Yet they do not do their life's work for the sake of money; neither do I.

"And I think a singer is paid too well," she said mournfully; "and yet the suffering is greater than the reward.

"It is dreadful to feel one's dreams trampled under the world's feet, to see vulgarity, coarseness, pain, insult so mingled with the art one loves that one's soul shrinks at last from the gift that was once a joy.

"Music is desecrated in the way the world uses it.

"I think it should ever be sacred."

"Ah, Grace, you are an enthusiast!" Anne answered.

"I had high dreams once;" and Grace looked upwards, her large wistful eyes full of tears.

"I had visions of a noble purpose in using the gracious and lovely gift Heaven has given me, but such visions are not fulfilled on the stage.

"Yet even there, if such a purpose were not with me, if, as I act and sing, I did not know that what I do had won——"

She stopped, feeling that she was betraying too much.

Her generous heart would never permit any shadow of pain to fall across Lord Enderby's memory of his child.

"You have won fame," said Anne.

Grace smiled.

"A singer's fame is shorter than a shadow at noon-day.

"If I am remembered, it will be by the music which they will not give me time to write."

"You will have time when you are Lady Enderby."

Grace was silent a moment; then she kissed Anne's cheek and put her arm around her, and suddenly burst into violent weeping.

Anne was greatly startled by this.

It was so seldom that Grace gave way to emotion.

She was always calm, always quiet and steadfast.

"Grace, you are very unhappy," Anne cried, "and you will not own it.

"But these people—your cousins—hold you in thraldom.

"They make a market of you; they sell your talents to the highest bidder.

"Why did you bear it all?

"Why did you not accept your uncle's proposal and live with him?

"You did not refuse for love of the stage, I am certain.

"Why not set yourself free and marry the man you love?"

Anne could not tell what Grace might have answered, for the door opened, and Gregory entered abruptly.

He looked angrily at Grace's tears.

"If friends make grief, they had better stay away," he said sulkily.

"Do you forget you have to sing to-night?"

Grace was quite calm again now; and, seeing this, Gregory, who secretly respected her, and even regarded her with some fear, her money-value being so great, walked away to the farther end of the room, leaving her in peace.

But Anne did not repeat her questions.

She feared to agitate Grace again.

"You once made me a promise, Anne," Grace said, in a low earnest voice, "I know that you will keep that promise should it ever come within your power.

"Now I want you to make another promise—quite an easy one—one affecting me only."

"I make it before you ask it," Anne returned; "so you have only to speak."

"I am a little vain," Grace said, trying to utter her words playfully; but Anne saw her lips shake.

"I do not like to think that my 'Song of the Sea' and all the music that has fallen from my fingers as easily as waterdrops fall from a leaf in rain should be lost, quite lost.

"So I have written some of it for you; and in the time to come, when—when perhaps we are separated, promise me that you will play it and think of me and bring thoughts of me to other hearts too."

"My dear, you have asked a hard thing," Anne answered.

"Who can play your music but yourself?

"And hearing you, all other fingers fail to please.

"Yet I will try, though sorrow and I shall play together, if we are indeed separated."

They kissed and parted.

And ever afterwards Anne remembered that Grace's tears had wetted her own cheek.

* * * * * * * * *

Lady Brentwychc still hesitated; there was no open war between her and Delgado.

It was the feverish quiet which hovers on the brink of battle.

She thought it wise to ask for an explanation.

"Why do you keep Grace nearly a prisoner?" she asked.

"Why prevent her, always on some pretence, from coming to my house?"

"She would see Lord Enderby at your house.

"She would soon stop singing if they met—that would deprive us of many thousands a year."

"You are brutally covetous," said Lady Brentwychc, giving way to anger.

"Do you and our society forget that it was I who discovered this girl and thought of putting her talent to account?

"I have never asked but one favor for all I have done—that is, that Enderby should be spared."

"So he is.

"He walks about sound and free; and he has tamed me," said Delgado bitterly.

"It was an accident—a slight hurt only to you," she answered.

"Slight, do you call it?"—and the man's handsome face and figure seemed to swell with rage as he spoke.

"Do you know what this slight hurt does for me?

"It cut me off from a thousand pleasures.

"It debars me from playing the lovers' parts in the operas.

"The audience would not tolerate a limping lover.

"So I must stand aside and see another take the place——"

He stopped suddenly; but his passion worked on, though he had stayed his speech.

"It is just that of which I wish to speak," said Lady Brentwychc.

"I fear you are longing to play the lover in earnest.

"I warn you it is useless.

"Grace di Valdivia would rather die than marry you."

Delgado tried to laugh.

"If I were in earnest," he said, "and our society backed me, as it would, I do not believe she would have it in her power to refuse me."

"You mean you would work on her terror—you would threaten her lover's life."

"I mean that we do not intend to lose fifteen thousand a year; and we should lose it if she married any one but me—good reasons why the society should be on my side."

"Is that a good reason too why you should offer to play a part that fell by lot to another?"

"Who told you that?" asked Delgado, angrily.

"I have heard it, and know it is true."

She burst suddenly into tears, and wrung her hands together with a bitter cry.

"Oh that I had remained the poor village girl I once was!

"What a curse this rank, this wealth have been to me, that I have striven so hard to gain!"

"You would not like to be without them now," said Delgado, essaying a laugh.

"You are not often in this mood.

"What is the matter?

"And what is this man's life to you that you are ready to weep over him?"

"I weep for Anne—it is for Anne I care.

"And I tell you, Pietro, I shall withstand you.

"I have power too at head-quarters. I shall use it."

"You are jealous," Delgado answered, and left her brutally, without a word more.

She looked after him, with her face growing very white.

"The die is cast," she said; "but the game is in my hands."

She sat down to her desk and wrote a short letter in cipher.

It was addressed to Count Stroloff.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

"SO we are ordered abroad again?" said Mrs. Blake.

"Then I tell you what it is, Gregory; I shall not go.

"If you choose to gallop to destruction, you may; but I won't."

"What do you mean by destruction?" asked the man sulkily, as, with heavy tread, he walked up and down, his hands in his pockets.

"I mean that you are going headlong to ruin and misery.

"Your farm is going to ruin, so are your children, so are you yourself."

"It don't look much like ruin when a man has more money than he can spend," said Gregory, chinking the gold in his pockets.

"I am not talking of money," returned his wife bitterly.

"There's worse ruin in the world than money-ruin—and that's the sort of ruin that's coming on you.

"Oh, Gregory, Gregory, I never thought we should come to this!"

"What's the matter with the woman?" asked Gregory uneasily.

"You are one of that sort that never knows when they are well off.

"Haven't you got all you want and more'n you want?

"And as for fine clothes and fine company, you've enough of both and to spare.

"You've shook hands with grand folks that better people than you can only look at through windows as they drive by."

"The grand folks are nothing to me; it's of you I'm thinking, Gregory, and the life you are leading here."

"A very jolly life," said Gregory; "I don't want to change it.

"Why can't you make yourself comfortable?

"But there—women is so cantankerous; they be like a straw bed, that scratches whichever way a man lies.

"You want to drive me to swearing, I s'pose, though I've left off swearing since I got into good company."

"There's worse things than swearing," said his wife.

"Harrie, you're a poor-tempered, aggravatin' woman!

"I'll leave 'ee to yourself.

"I shall go where I can meet with fair words and pleasant looks."

"You mean you'll go to my sister's?

"Then I say you sha'n't!

"You are there too often.

"You are fallin' into the old net that never did you any good in the old time.

"Take care it don't lead you into a worse snare now."

"You are a jealous fool!" said Gregory brutally.

"If you had as much sense as your sister, you'd keep a quieter tongue in your head.

"What do you mean by throwing old times in my teeth?"

"I mean you to take warning by them.

"You're like 'Simple Simon;' if you made a mistake yesterday, you'll make a worse one to-morrow!

"But I tell you a man had better play with adders than put faith in a false woman."

"I never put faith in man, woman, or child," said Gregory, wilfully misunderstanding.

"I always have money down.

"I know better than to trust Emily Harwich."

"You are taking my words the wrong way a-purpose, Gregory; so I shall say no more, 'cept this—I don't go over sea again; I go home—though I'm sorry for Grace, and sorry to leave her to the bad love of that soft-eyed lammager, Delgado."

"Don't you let him hear you call him a cripple," said Gregory hastily.

"He's fiery as a mad dog upon that point.

"If you persist in going home, I expect he'll make his mother come here in your place."

"That fat old baby!" returned Mrs. Blake, with contempt.

"Grace will have nothing to do with her, I know."

"Then what's the good of your making trouble?" said Gregory.

"You had better stick to your post. "You promised that lord you would."

"I can't stay and see my husband taken away from me by my own sister!"

And, in saying this, Mrs. Blake gave way to tears, and sobbed loudly.

Her husband looked at her and began to laugh; then he grew puzzled, and lastly grave.

"Look here, Harrie," he said.

"If you go home, maybe you'll upset everything, and I shall be a thousand a year out of pocket.

"Grace would have left 'em all when in Italy, and gone to a convent, if you hadn't come.

"And perhaps she will do the same now.

"I believe with you she won't let that wrinkled old infant live with her, and what we shall do I can't tell.

"Now what's the use of losing money for a woman's whim?

"My place here is worth double the farm."

Mrs. Gregory cried on and said nothing; evidently his arguments had not moved her.

"It's ungrateful of you to your sister," continued Gregory.

His wife shook her head with great force at this, and buried her face deeper in her handkerchief.

"It's ungrateful to Grace," persisted Mr. Blake.

"She had all the children up here a month ago to please you, and I'm sure the presents they had would have filled a cart.

"And they ain't left to themselves.

"My sister is as good a woman as ever wore shoe-leather, and cares for 'em as well as you would."

Mrs. Blake again shook her head violently and sobbed louder.

"Well, nearly as well," pursued Gregory.

"And I'm sure you'll own, her husband don't do bad with the land.

"And here are we on Tom Tiddler's ground, picking up the gold and silver every day of our lives, and you want to leave it—want to throw away money as careless as you would a blackberry."

"No, I don't, Gregory.

"But I can't stay and put up with Emily's false ways.

"She never owns me as a sister to any of her grand friends—not she?

"And, when we are alone, then it's 'Harrie—dear Harrie!' and all that sort of thing.

"And behind my back she makes love to you.

"I won't help her in that by stopping here, so as to be a screen for her like."

"You are as unreasonable as a pig, or a woman," said the irritated Gregory, who felt that without his wife his profitable post would most likely be lost to him, and then he would have to renounce not only money and an idle life, but also the dangerous pleasure of seeing constantly the woman whose glance or whose touch brought back the bounding pulse, the thrill and passion which lay buried beneath heavy years of dull marriage and toil.

"No, I'm not unreasonable.

"I'm acting as every other wife would who had a heart in her.

"I'm not going to be trampled under foot by you and Emily.

"And I shall leave poor Grace like a lamb in the claws of a wolf's paws?

"I don't feel no other when Delgado has got his claw on me.

"And I tell you this—I care for Grace more'n you do.

"And he'll get knocked down one of these days, and then picked up and knocked down again."

"I hope he will!" said Mrs. Gregory, with a little fire in her voice.

"I should be glad to see you do it.

"This going abroad is his scheme, and there's more in it than you or I know.

"He's mad in love with Grace, and I wouldn't answer for her life if he gets in one of his jealous fits."

"I'll answer for one thing," returned Gregory, bending a fist about the size of a purple cabbage; "he'll feel this if he puts a finger on her in my presence.

"Why, she's worth more than a race-horse if she came to be sold to-morrow!

"D'ye think I'll let a girl of her vally be insulted by a snaky furriner?

"Not while there's any English blood running through my veins.

"I'd knock anybody down that touched her, just as I would a thief I catched stealing my mare."

The talk of fighting some one else stopped the quarrel for the time between husband and wife, Mrs. Gregory not being without admiration for her husband's gallantry, though its motive was no higher than his appreciation of Grace's money-value.

The patched-up peace unfortunately was not destined to last long.

That very evening poor Mrs. Blake was fated to behold in the mirror a little scene which raised her jealous pain and ire to a fiery heat.

She was in the outer drawing-room with Lady Anne.

Lady Brentwychc went into the inner room on the pretence of fetching a new photograph of Grace; Gregory followed her.

From a distant room, where Grace was singing her part in a new opera, her glorious voice reached them, clear and sweet and full as the song of nightingales in a summer wood at midnight.

In silence Lady Anne listened, lost in thought, her spirit so wrapped in the sweet sounds that she neither heard nor saw what was passing around her.

Mrs. Blake, on the contrary, was deaf to the music, her ear, quickened by jealousy, being strained to catch the murmured words that flowed indistinctly from the inner room, mingled with that sad light laughter she knew so well.

She could not catch a word that was said, though that terrible laugh, so full of enticement, so full of giddy pleasure, rang out clear enough.

She could bear it no longer; she rose, meaning to make a third in this conversation, when, in passing near an oval mirror, she saw a scene enacted that stayed her steps.

She stood facing the mirror; it hung on a side-wall.

To her left was the large arched doorway before which there drooped heavy velvet curtains; one of these—that on the right—was looped back, the other fell straight from cornice to floor.

The position of the mirror was such that it reflected the interior of the room behind the drawn curtains.

So, as in a picture, she saw her sister standing by her husband's side, she looking into his face pleadingly, he looking down on hers with eyes that burned and lips that quivered.

Lady Brentwychc took a letter from her bosom, and glancing round the room, as if in dread, as if to see that they were alone and safe, she slid it softly into his grasp.

Then he seized her hand and carried it to his lips, and held it there, in spite of the slight struggle, the little light laugh which had a ring of anger in it.

Mrs. Blake quivered from head to foot; her rage and anguish took promptitude from her; she lost a moment in dismay, as the vision grew blurred before her sight in the mirror.

When her eyes cleared, she saw that Gregory had put one arm around her sister and held her tightly; his lips moved.

Mrs. Blake was near enough now to hear the words he uttered, and yet she did not hear them: the whispered entreaty seemed to fall upon her sense without a sound.

"One kiss—only one, or I will not do your bidding."

Lady Brentwychc turned her cheek toward him, but, straining her in that strong arm of his, he strove to reach her lips; then Mrs. Blake cried out sharply, like a woman in fierce pain.

"Lady Anne—Lady Anne! Come to me, I am fainting!"

As she cried thus she saw her sister start back; she saw a frown of fury on her husband's brow; she saw the rage in his heart rise hot and red to his face; and then she fell back on Lady Anne's arm, crying, and beating her hands together foolishly.

"What's the matter now?" asked Gregory, emerging from behind the curtain, gruffly, and yet with eyes that sparkled like those of a man just risen from the wine-cup.

He was hiding a letter in his breast pocket as he spoke.

Hysterically as she was, his wife saw the movement of his hand, and resolved in her heart to have and read that letter.

"I think it was a mouse ran across the room and frightened her," said innocent Lady Anne.

Gregory laughed.

"That's just like Harrie," Gregory said.

"She'll tackle a mastiff, or ride the viciousest brute in the county, and then faint at the sight of a mouse.

"Cheer up, old girl—the little wild beast is gone!"

Disappointed though he was of the kiss longed for, he was too happy to be ill-tempered.

Lady Brentwychc bent over her sister to soothe her; but Mrs. Blake pushed her back with fierce impatience.

"I want none of your help!

"I'd rather have a viper near me than you."

Lady Brentwychc laughed and moved away.

A hiss of a snake would have sounded pleasanter in her sister's ears at that moment than that giddy foolish laugh.

It seemed cruel to laugh at her pain—to mock her jealousy in that light way.

Hatred sprang up in her heart, and a hundred swift desires for vengeance branched from it, before that laugh had ceased its pretty gold music.

And yet Lady Brentwychc had laughed in bitterness at her sister's mistake.

She looked down on her hand, reddened by her husband's coarse kiss, and shivered.

She had been saved from the touch of his thick red lips by Harriet's cry; she would have embraced and silently thanked her had she dared.

Old memories, old feelings were crowding heavily on her this evening.

The thought of what she might have been but for Gregory's violence touched her heart like a dagger-point.

She felt she hated him, and yet knew he was not so worthy of hatred as she was herself.

It was she who had deceived him, not he her; it was she who was now deceiving him, holding him with a glance from her eyes, a touch of her hand.

And all this did not change her horror of him into compunction.

She needed his aid, and she bought it deceitfully, as she had bought her rank and her wealth.

All things to her mind were purchasable, except the life Gregory had flung away.

It gave her no consolation, it took nothing from her old horror of him that he had only aimed a blow and never meant death.

Death had come of it—that was enough.

She justified to herself all the evil of her life through this disaster.

Like all women who take a wrong path, she blamed others for it, not herself.

If he had not done this, she would have been good and happy; if her lover had lived, she would never have followed the road which had brought her into the terrors and pitfalls which now beset her every step.

Lately she had known that she was watched.

She was sure this was Delgado's doing, his motive was jealousy.

He was afraid she would manœuvre to give Grace a secret interview with Lord Enderby.

This was his sole reason, she was certain, and yet it filled her up with fears and fettered all her actions.

She could not see Count Stroloff; she was afraid to trust a servant with a letter for him; she was afraid to post one herself.

He was on a visit at a house ten miles from London; she dared not go to him, because she was watched.

But Gregory was free enough; no one spied on his actions; so, as he kissed her hand, he had vowed he would be her messenger and keep his errand secret.

This was the letter that denounced Delgado.

The struggle between these two for life or death had begun.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BARBARA GRAHAM.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TWICE MARRIED," "MABEL MAY," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXV.—[CONTINUED.]

SHE instinctively felt that something more vitally touching to her inmost heart than an injured stranger was awaiting her; she paused a moment, spell-bound with horror: and then, hastily throwing a shawl over her shoulders, she stole down stairs and passed from the house through a side-door, the fastenings of which were easily undone, even by her slender fingers.

She gave a timid glance round, and then darted across the lawn to the gates.

The Newfoundland dog stood watching a prostrate body; and, after a moment's pause Kate opened the gate and bent over the senseless form.

Neptune whined piteously, and gazed up in her face with a sagacious petition for help for the sufferer as she approached, and, wagging his tail, again turned to the face, which was still concealed from Kate's view, and began licking it.

One arm was crushed beneath the sufferer, the other was thrown up over his face.

A curiously set diamond ring was on the finger: Kate recognized it in an instant as it glittered in the moonlight, and, for a moment, all objects, swam before her.

She felt faint; her heart seemed to grow icy and numb; but with a great effort, she moved the arm and looked on the face gleaming in the moonlight.

Trembling, she knelt beside him.

He was insensible, but not dead, though it was evident there must have been some severe contusions about the head.

Kate saw that no time should be lost, and running across the lawn, she darted into the house, and in an instant more was standing by her mother's bedside.

"Mamma, dearest," she said, in a voice she tried to steady, in spite of the agony that shook every limb, "there is something the matter outside our gates, an accident has happened; I am afraid it is Philip that is hurt."

Mrs. Holder rubbed her eyes in bewilderment, and started up in bed at the sound of her daughter's voice; but it was some moments before she could comprehend exactly what had occurred, in the confusion of a sudden rousing from the first deep slumber of the night.

It was not her nature, however, to give way to nervous terror, and in a few minutes she was calm and collected, as if the sudden summons had been given in broad daylight.

"Go and call Benson, my love," she said. "and then run across to the tables, and wake Thomas.

"He must go for a doctor as soon as we have had him brought into the house."

Kate obeyed without a word.

She hastened to the old butler's room, and after succeeding in making him comprehend the urgency of the case, she went to the coachman.

But even in that moment of haste and agitation her presence of mind did not desert her, and she waited an instant to snatch up a bottle of water that stood on the dining-table, and to procure a decanter of brandy from the sideboard, which luckily had been left unlocked on the previous night by a rare oversight on Benson's part.

Armed with these remedies, Kate hastened once more alone to the spot where the sufferer lay, still apparently unconscious of her presence near him.

She had not perhaps left him five minutes, but it seemed hours to her excited mind, and she bent tremblingly down to ascertain whether the patient was still breathing.

Kate could scarcely distinguish the loud beating of her own heart from his as she knelt beside Philip, and strove softly and tenderly to raise the blood-stained face, and pour a few drops of brandy between the pale lips.

She could discern a slight quivering of the eyelids, a movement of the lips, as the liquid stole gently between them, and hope began to revive within her.

She renewed her efforts, in spite of the sickening horror that came over her, as she felt she was alone with the perhaps dying form of him she loved.

She gazed earnestly in his face as he lay, half-supported by her arms, in the pale moonlight.

Since their parting interview before he had gone abroad, they had never met.

It was scarcely more than nine months ago when she ventured to risk his displeasure, and to seem jealous and unkind in her warning as to the result of his infatuated admiration for the beautiful Lillian.

Scarcely more than nine months; and yet what a change had come over his once handsome face!

How terribly had her warning been verified!

The deep lines in his countenance were too fixed, too deep for the mere effect of the sudden accident.

They were the unmistakeable effects of long and wearing sorrow, of irritating trials, of hardening disappointment in the dearest affections of man's nature.

As Kate Holder gazed on those features, and remembered their joyous, kindly look in former days, tears of sympathy and grief trickled down her cheeks.

She knew not that Lillian was far away, and inwardly determined to send for her as soon as the first terrible crisis of doubt and agony was over.

The minutes of waiting for aid appeared to be a long time; but the servants, under the direction of Mrs. Holder, soon arrived, bearing a mattress and pillows, on which the sufferer was lifted as gently and carefully as possible, and slowly borne to the house.

The sad procession soon reached the rooms which had been hastily prepared for him, and then Thomas departed on his errand, with directions to use the utmost speed, and to take Kate's own horse from the stable by way of ensuring the greatest rapidity in his journey.

Mrs. Holder despatched the man for a physician who had known her family and Philip's for years, and in whom she placed unlimited confidence.

But it appeared a fearful period of suspense and agony till he arrived.

The patient remained just as they had placed him, with little sign of animation save the faint heaving of the chest, and a twinkling, half-spasmodic movement of the eyelids, that seemed to poor Kate's keen sympathies a sign of the suffering he must endure from those fearful injuries.

Mrs. Holder and the old housekeeper were meanwhile busily engaged in preparing bandages and other necessaries for any impending operations, and Kate, unobserved and alone, could give vent to her silent yet deep and bitter grief.

The cry of her sick heart was, "Oh, spare him, spare him, gracious Father, ere he goes thus unprepared and unconscious into Thy presence."

It was in silence that the prayer was offered up, but not less heard by Him who reads the heart, and Kate's fortitude and calmness were strengthened by the inward breathings of her deep love and pity for the sufferer.

At length the welcome sound of horses' feet was heard, and Dr. Ashbury was quickly ushered to the bedside of the patient.

Kate withdrew from the couch while he examined the bruised limbs, but when he at length turned from the process with an ominous shake of the head, she sprang towards him.

"Oh, Dr. Ashbury, will he die?" she asked.

"I can't tell, child," he replied.

"His arm is badly fractured, and I am afraid there is a severe injury on the back of his head.

"It won't do to move him, that's certain.

"So I'll have my man in to hold his arm while I set it, and then, Miss Kate, I shall leave him to your good nursing."

"But his wife, sir? should she not be sent for?" she asked, as she glanced at the blood-stained pillow.

"His wife!" said the doctor, meaningly; "she is not here; she is amusing herself at his country seat, while he has been running into these excesses that have so nearly cost him his life.

"Wife! she does not deserve the sacred name.

"If he had had a wife, he would never have gone on those half-breadth expeditions with scatter-brain horses.

"It is nothing more than I expected when he married her.

"She has very little soul; and as for heart she has none at all.

"She is a pretty flirt, fonder of admiration than her husband.

"I will write by the first post, informing Lady Joddrell of the accident and its possible consequences; and perhaps respect for the opinion of the world may bring her to him.

"But 'tis doubtful, very doubtful.

"There, now be off, and I'll send for you when I want you.

"But, remember, your mother must not be bothered with the young scapegrace.

"She's got more spirit than strength, and I can't risk a valuable woman's life for a thoughtless ne'er-do-weel, like your hopeful cousin there.

"Why didn't he know a good girl when he saw her, instead of being run away with by a pretty face?"

Kate was gone ere the doctor could discern the deep crimson flush his words had brought to her expressive face, and he went on grumbling to himself, in his own peculiar fashion, as he proceeded to prepare his bandages and implements for the proposed operation.

The young girl was indeed a special favorite of the worthy doctor's, and a union between her and the young heir of Joddrell Court had been a pet scheme of his since the former had been sixteen years old.

Hence, possibly, the severity of his animadversions on the absent and beautiful Lillian.

The operation was at length safely over, the arm carefully set and bandage, and the wounds on the head dressed with lint and bandaged; and then, and not till then, Kate was once more summoned from the anteroom, where she had been waiting in anxious suspense.

"Here," said the doctor, "keep ice on his head, and give a wineglassful of that mixture as quickly as you can get it down.

"I am afraid it will be many days before he can thank you for your care; but if he lives, I trust it will be a lesson to him, and to her also."

"Oh, Dr. Ashbury," said Kate, and her lips trembled, "you will save him, will you not?

"You will not let him die thus."

"Child, life is in the hands of Him who gave it," he replied.

"Let us do our utmost, and leave the issue in His hands.

"I will return in an hour.

"Good-bye."

The good doctor grasped her hand and left the house, and Kate sunk on her knees by the unconscious sufferer and prayed—prayed with the favor of a warm and pious heart—prayed that the accident might be indeed blessed to the sufferer if permitted to return once more to life and health, and what was far more difficult to her woman's heart, that it might bring the beautiful, thoughtless trifler whom he called wife, to a sense of her duty, and of the real value of the husband she had so nearly lost.

And when she rose from her knees, her pale face was as calm and firm as a mature woman's, and she addressed herself to her duties with a quiet, self-forgetting composure that spoke of a strength not her own.

It was needed; ay, more than her natural anticipations could have imagined.

Days and nights of unremitted watchfulness followed.

Philip was wildly delirious, now acting over again the excesses and follies of the days immediately before his accident, now bitterly upbraiding his wife for her heartless folly, and at intervals—rare, but heart-thrilling intervals—recalling, with tender and gentle regret, the happy days—the sweet, affectionate intercourse with herself in days gone by.

The confinement of his fractured arm seemed to add to the fever of his mind.

He would struggle violently to free himself, fancy that he was incarcerated in some horrid dungeon, and wildly threaten those whom he imagined his gaolers, or implore them for freedom.

Thus passed four or five wretched days, and still Dr. Ashbury preserved a grave and ominous silence when Kate made appealing glances, or Mrs. Holder's brief questions strove to extract the truth.

On the fifth day after the accident a carriage stopped at the gate of the villa, and Lady Joddrell stepped hastily from it.

Kate watched her descend from the carriage, and hurriedly enter the house, with a cold sickness of the heart.

Where was Lillian, and what message had Philip's aunt brought from her adopted child to her suffering nephew?

Was she ill?

Had she refused to obey the summons to her husband's couch of pain?

She stood by the window, striving to command her emotion during the brief interval that elapsed ere the door opened, and Mrs. Holder entered the room, followed by Lady Joddrell.

Kate was half-concealed by the curtains of the window, but she could perceive the shudder that came over the lady's frame as she first caught sight of the tossing sufferer and that she covered her eyes with her hands to shut out the vision.

Mrs. Holder beckoned her daughter forward, and whispering to her that she must give some orders for the new guest's accommodation, left the room.

By this time Lady Joddrell had somewhat recovered her self-possession; then Kate gently drew her aside, and warned her, in low, soothing tones, of the possible consequences of any agitation on this unconscious invalid.

"Dr. Ashbury says it is impossible to say how soon consciousness may return," she said.

"He orders perfect quiet, and absence of all emotion.

"But where his wife—where is Lillian?" she added earnestly.

"She seemed to think she could render no assistance," said Lady Joddrell; "indeed, in her present delicate condition, it might have been dangerous to expose her to fatigue or agitation.

"So we decided that I should come at once, and write to her as to his condition. Alas, alas! she is naturally unfitted for such a scene as you must have witnessed. But then she is so delicate, and indeed I am but little better."

"What! can she bear to commit her husband to other hands at such a crisis as this?" said Kate, indignantly.

"How can she live away from his side when every hour may be his last?

"Or is she indeed so utterly heartless, selfish, and callous?

"Poor Philip! better find in death release from such a union, than go through life bound to a wife so coldly and indifferent."

"Her face was now one flush of scorn and indignation, and extending her hand towards the restless invalid, she continued in a lower, more touching tone, "She has deserted her sacred post; but a truer, better friend, one who has always loved him as a brother, will supply her place.

"All that a sister's care can do he shall assuredly have."

"You are very kind, Kate," said Lady Joddrell.

"Both Lillian and I shall feel under lasting obligation to you for your generous attention to that poor fellow, and——"

"No, Lady Joddrell, no," interrupted Kate; "you cannot understand the tie that exists between us.

"He is my cousin by birth; but were he my own brother I could not feel more deeply interested in his welfare; and while he requires care and nursing, I consider it my privilege to watch over him.

"There is Dr. Ashbury in the hall; he will tell you better than I can of his chance of recovery."

Lady Joddrell availed herself not unwillingly of the excuse for leaving the room, and Kate remained, her face flushed with generous indignation and sympathy; her eyes were fixed with inexpressible tenderness on the invalid, and her hands clasped in fervent prayer for his recovery to health again.

Alas! was that restoration to be desired?

Even Kate could hardly answer that question satisfactorily to herself.

Lady Joddrell remained at the villa, evidently intending to fulfil a supposed duty, and cover the criminal neglect of her adopted child, as well as to apparently assist in the nursing of the invalid.

But she was helpless, so completely ignorant of all the information which is so essential in a sick room, that she only increased the mischief and fatigue which she was honestly anxious to remedy; but at last Kate prevailed on her to leave the room, where her unskilful care and fidgety movements annoyed and irritated the sufferer.

Philip certainly recognized no one, but his eyes continually followed Kate's noiseless movements; and when the delirium was at its height, only her voice and clasp of her hand could in any degree soothe him.

And as she listened to his ravings, she noticed two constantly conflicting emotions—a stern bitterness of feeling towards his wife, and an almost delirious anxiety, and even love, for his unborn child.

"Some one surely would love me then," he would say, and then the softer mood would pass: and again a darker, more bitter phase of feeling would come over him.

At last the fever appeared to abate, and a death-like stupor succeeded.

The house was sunk in solemn stillness in that midnight hour, and only Kate sat by the pillow where a head now rested motionless as that of a corpse.

Mrs. Holder rested on a couch in the adjoining room, her delicate frame worn out by the wearing anxiety and fatigue she had undergone; and Kate was alone with her charge, in the dim, spectral light of the shaded lamp.

Faint from constant vigils, Kate threw her arm on the bed and leaned her head upon it, keeping her eyes on the face before her.

Who that has watched over friends, hovering upon the borders of the spirit land, needs to be told how dreary was the heart of the solitary nurse?

And to those who have not thus suffered and endured, no description would adequately portray the desolation and gloom.

The stars were waning when Philip moved, threw up his head over the pillow, and, after a moment, opened his eyes.

Kate leaned forward, and he looked at her fixedly as if puzzled, then said feebly, "Kate, dear, is it you?"

A cry of joy rushed to her lips, but she hushed it, and answered tremblingly.

"Yes, Philip.

"It is Kate."

His eye wandered about the room, and then rested again on her countenance with a confused, perplexed expression.

"Am I at home?" he murmured.

"What is the matter?"

"Yes, dear Philip, at home among your best friends," she replied.

"Don't talk any more; try to go to sleep again."

With a great joy in her heart, that she instinctively feared might show itself in her face, she extinguished the light, so that he could see nothing.

After a few moments he said slowly, "Kate—did I dream I saw you?"

She felt his hand put out to feel for her, and she gently clasped it in hers.

"No; I am sitting by you," she said.

"I will not leave you; but I must not talk to you now—you must keep very quiet."

There was a short silence, then Philip spoke again.

"But, where am I?" he asked.

"Not at home, I know."

Kate did not reply, and he repeated the question more earnestly.

"You are in our house, Philip," she said; "let that satisfy you."

His fingers closed over hers more tightly, and soon he slept.

The sun was high in the sky, and when Philip again unclosed his eyes he found Dr. Ashbury feeling his pulse.

His mind was still bewildered, and he looked about him wonderingly.

"How do you feel, Joddrell?" asked the doctor.

"Better; though very much as if I had been standing on my head," he replied. "What has been the matter?

"Have I been ill?"

"Not exactly well," replied the doctor, kindly, "and you have had a pretty long sleep.

Take a glass of this nectar; it will clear your brain."

Philip attempted to raise himself, but fell back exhausted, and for the first time noticed his arm firmly encased in wood and bandages.

"What is it?

"What have you done to my arm?" he said, with a faint smile.

"Is it broken?"

"Oh, don't trouble yourself, my dear fellow," said the doctor.

"You injured it, and I bound it up, that's all.

"When young men amuse themselves with such gymnastic feats as yours, they must expect a little temporary inconvenience from crushed bones and overstrained muscles.

"Kate, mind my orders about silence and quiet," he added, walking from the room to avoid further questioning.

Philip looked at his stiffened arms, and then at Kate.

"Tell me the truth," he said.

"What has happened?"

"You were thrown out of a carriage, dear Philip," she replied—"that is all.

"You are better now."

"Have I been long here?" he asked.

"Yes, a fortnight," she replied.

"Have I been in any danger?" he continued.

"But I deserved it all, and more than all."

A flush of shame rose to his temples, and Kate heard his deep, shuddering sigh, as he turned his head from her, and buried his face in the pillow.

"Yes, Philip, you have been in great danger," said Kate; "but it is over now; and if you are composed and careful, you will soon be strong again."

"Is any one here?" he asked.

"Yes, your aunt, Lady Joddrell," replied Kate.

"She came as soon as the news reached her, and has not left the house since."

"And Lillian?" he asked, a look of deep sorrow passing over his countenance.

"Stay, dear Kate—tell me the whole wretched truth.

"Did she know all, and still remain away from me?"

"She knew all that Lady Joddrell could tell her," replied Kate.

"She has written to her every day since she came, and is even writing to tell her you are better.

"Lillian is very delicate just now, remember."

Kate strove to soften the pain her words must bring, but it was beyond her power to extract the sting which the hard inevitable truth contained.

"I deserve it all—all," he replied.

"Yes, ingratitude, indifference, and desertion; but not from her—not from her.

"Had I died, she would have heard it unmoved.

"Oh, Lillian, Lillian, it is worse than death to feel your unworthiness.

"Philip, dear Philip, compose yourself," said Kate.

"Remember, your life depends on quiet."

"Why should I live?

"What have I to live for?" he said.

"A wife, unloving, heartless, perhaps even worse.

Oh, Kate, I cannot speak to your pure ears the thoughts that torture me.

"Once, perhaps, a happier lot courted me; but I was blind, infatuated.

"Kate, my sister, my friend, can you forgive me?"

She understood his meaning, and a flush of shame and wounded pride came over her face.

Then a glance at the pale quivering lips of the invalid banished all selfish feelings, and she stooped down with a sweet smile and kissed his brow.

"Philip, there is nothing to forgive," she said.

"But if you do wish to make your cousin as proud of you as she is loving and sympathizing, you will live to redeem the past, to guide poor Lily in the right way, to make your child revere and love you, and realize all the proud aspirations I indulged in for you.

"Try to make me thus happy, dear Philip."

She gently drew the curtains as she spoke, and then, sitting down on a chair hidden from his view, she covered her face with her hands, and wept.

Silent, and tears they were that fell from her eyes, and yet Kate would not have exchanged them at that moment for the gayest smiles, the most intoxicating homage, which the lovely wife of her beloved cousin revelled in.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE hours of slow convalescence were very trying to the already overtasked Kate, now that the excitement of Philip's danger nerved her almost superhuman endurance and exertion.

Lady Joddrell had hurried back to Lillian, after her brief interview with her nephew, and Philip was left once more to the charge of the kindly relatives who had watched over him in the time of peril.

Kate endeavored to banish the sorrow that late events had revived in all its first freshness in her heart, and to clear away the gloom and despondency that seemed to take possession of the unhappy husband.

She read to him, talked to him, sang to him, and ever and anon strove to cheer him by painting, in bright but subdued colors, the possible future that lay before him, albeit that future looked dreary and gloomy to her own heart.

Though herself well-nigh exhausted by incessant anxiety and loss of rest, she never complained, but always forced a smile to her lips and a light to her eyes whenever the invalid's chair was wheeled to her side, or he tottered out on the terrace to share her morning saunter in the bright autumn sunshine.

One morning Kate was sitting in the pretty morning room which was devoted to her own and her mother's private use, engaged in sketching some of the bright autumn flowers that lay on the table before her.

Philip reclined near her in his invalid's chair, his eyes fixed on Kate's sweet face, but his thoughts evidently far removed from the flowers on which she was apparently intent.

More than once he sighed deeply, evidently unconscious of the presence of even his gentle cousin, to whom he owed so much.

At last Kate looked up.

"What ails you, brother mine?" she said, smilingly.

"Are you tired of watching my unskilful fingers?

"Shall I finish that essay of Macaulay's you liked yesterday, or will you like one of Tennyson's poems?"

"No, no, dear—do not quit your drawing," he replied.

"I shall not relish either Macaulay or Tennyson to-day."

"What is it, dear Philip?" she continued.

"Are you suffering more pain?

"Shall I bathe your arm again?"

"No, only pain of the heart, Kate, which even your gentle soothings cannot cure," he replied.

"It is useless to preach patience or speak hope to a man who has thrown away one of life's sweetest, most precious roses, and grasped a thorn that now pierces his heart.

"Kate, it is useless to conceal my regret that I was blind to the treasure within my reach, while infatuated by the fascinations of a beautiful, frivolous girl."

"Hush, Philip, hush!" said Kate, laying her hand gently on his lips.

"I cannot listen to such words even from you.

"Remember, she is your wife.

"Perhaps you may have forgotten her extreme youth, the temptation of such rare beauty, and exacted too much from one whom every one seems to conspire to pet and spoil."

"No, Kate, no," said he, "I cannot lay that sin to my charge, bad and thoughtless as she may have driven me to be."

"Had she really loved me, I would have gratified her lightest wish—lived for her—forgotten all for her.

"But her coldness, her heartless selfishness, her insatiate love of admiration, first alarmed and wounded, and then alienated me.

"I would have gladly spent my time, devoted only to her, in our home; but she would have it crowded with visitors as frivolous and soulless as herself.

"Even when her health should have counselled quiet, she still insisted on the same incessant round of pleasure, while it formed a sufficient excuse, in her opinion, for not accompanying me on my necessary journey to London, and yet more for remaining absent from my bed of suffering.

"Do you wonder that I am hopeless in view of a life passed with such a companion?

"Oh, that I could blot out the last two years of my existence!" he groaned, shading his face with his hands.

"Hush, Philip, dear.

"There may yet be a change worked in Lillian's feelings," suggested Kate, gently.

"Wait and hope.

"You cannot tell what the future may have in store for you."

"You mean that she may be different as a mother from what she is a wife?" he said, sadly.

"I have no hope of that, Kate, none.

"Lillian's child will be as sadly neglected as her husband has been.

"Yes, that is the bitterest pang of all, that an event which should be a blessing will bring with it nothing but anxiety and fresh sorrows.

"I can never trust my child to Lillian's care.

"If it is a boy, she will weaken and corrupt the principles and feelings I would wish him to imbibe with his earliest breath; and if a girl, she will make her a transcript of herself.

"Oh, Kate, if I could but hope to make my daughter such a woman as you are, I could bear my lot more patiently.

"Her name should be yours, in token of the desire of——"

"No, Philip, call her not after me," she said vehemently.

"Let her bear her mother's name, and win that mother's love and tenderness by every means in her power.

"My name would but embitter Lillian's feelings against her, and add to her danger and your misery.

Kate's tears were swimming under her eyelids, but she crushed them back by a great effort.

"Philip," she continued, solemnly, and laying her hand on his arm, "if you think I have shown you any regard, any sisterly care and tending, promise me you will become once more your own noble self—that you will be patient, enduring, forbearing with poor Lillian, and that no disappointment, no temptation shall make you forget the high aims, the duties, the grand purpose of life, the talents and gifts that have been committed to you.

"Will you promise this for my sake, Philip?"

There was a brief pause; then he answered softly and slowly:

"I promise, Kate; I will strive not to pain your gentle heart, but to live henceforth for duty, and, if it please God, for my child.

"But oh, Lillian, Lillian, could you but realize the great love I could have felt for you!"

He seemed rather speaking to himself than to his companion; Kate sat, her head resting on her hand, her eyes fixed tenderly on her cousin, with the pure unselfish love of an angel.

The sound of a quick approaching footstep startled them.

The door opened, and Mrs. Holder entered with a pale, startled look that at once awakened Kate's fears, in spite of the assumed calmness of her manner.

"Philip, dear," said Mrs. Holder, in the low, constrained tone of suppressed emotion, "you are stronger to-day, are you not?"

"Yes, I think so—at least I hope I am," he said, his thoughts still occupied with the anxious, solemn visions the last hour had brought yet more vividly to his mind.

"I am very glad," she said emphatically, "very glad."

There was something in her tone that aroused his attention.

"And why?" he asked, suddenly perceiving the pale, scared expression of her face.

"Why?

"Because I have something to tell you that may demand your utmost strength to bear," she said gently.

"Do you think you are equal to a journey, dear Philip, if undertaken with every possible care?"

"What has happened?" he asked, looking fixed at her.

"Lady Joddrell has sent for you, dear," she replied.

"I believe your wife needs your presence, if you are able to go to her."

"She was not able to come to me," he said, musingly.

"But let it be so.

"What does my aunt say?"

"It is but a telegram," said Mrs. Holder, "short and not very clear."

"It is only this:

"'Lillian is ill. Let Philip come at once.'"

A spasm worked his features as he heard the brief summons.

"I will go," he said, still speaking as if in a dream.

"At least, I will not have her death on my conscience.

Mrs. Holder's face fell yet more as she pointed to the address on the telegram.

It was not Joddrell Court, nor the beautiful town of Ross, from whence came that ominous summons, but from Cheltenham, that resort of the gay and pleasure-seeking; and the place named as the residence of the sender was one which could scarcely have been chosen by Lillian save under peculiar circumstances.

Philip's quick eye scanned the words, the address, the date, with a restless, nervous look, and then a sudden flush of strength and energy seemed to animate his feeble frame.

"Aunt Violet is right," he said sternly.

"I will indeed go at once; I am ill no longer.

"Kate, do not look so bewildered with terror and alarm.

"Do not fear, dear.

"I will not forget my promise; I will strive to be worthy of your precious trust and pity, even in the sore trial that I fear awaits me.

"Aunt Helen, let my servant be sent to me, please.

"All arrangements for my journey can safely be left to him, and happily I have few belongings to hinder my departure; thanks to my sudden landing in your hospitable home."

Kate was almost terrified at the sudden strength, the stern bitterness of his look and tone.

It was so extraordinary a change; such a strange revulsion from the weakness, the depression, the mournful tenderness of the few moments before.

She could not divine the cause of that astonishing strength that animated the body and mind of the invalid.

Neither Philip nor her mother would willingly have pained and sullied her pure young ears by the significant fact, that the place where Lillian had been prostrated by the sudden arrival of woman's sorrow was the nearest village to Munro's country-seat!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Scientific and Useful.

FOLDING BARREL.—A North Carolinian has invented a folding barrel or hogshead for use in transporting dry materials. The heads may be taken out, the staves rolled together and the whole thing made barrel-shape again with a few quick motions.

SATIN PAPER.—Paper is made in Belgium which very closely resembles satin. Common paper is covered with a suitable size and while the surface is moist asbestos dyed to any desired shade is sprinkled over it. Any superfluous matter is easily shaken off when the size is dry. Fine effects are sometimes produced with aniline colors.

ELECTRIC BALLOON.—A Frenchman has projected an electric balloon, which is to have a carrying power of one ton, exclusive of the weight of the balloon itself. When the air is calm he expects to attain a speed of fifteen miles per hour, but the public is not informed what the motive power is to be. The world has grown to be so incredulous in regard to aerial navigation that the scheme excites but little interest.

DISEASE GERMS.—An English scientist is inclined to the belief that the breathing of air devoid of the usual quantity of oxygen is apt to develop germs otherwise harmless into those which produce consumption. As giving support to his hypothesis he cites the decrease of consumption in well-ventilated barracks, and the relief afforded to patients by sea voyages, the air of pine woods, and the inhalation of carbolic acid.

WATCH CLEANING.—This is an interesting piece of information from a German magazine: Place a watch, with the case open but the works in motion, in a vessel so that the watch will be completely covered with benzine. After three hours it will be found that the watch has been thoroughly cleaned. The vessel should be covered with parchment paper, and the watch before it is removed should be slightly agitated. Lastly, the watch is laid in benzine again, but this time a little petroleum oil is added in order to lubricate the machinery.

THE WORLD'S AGE.—Geological examination of the delta of the Mississippi now shows that for a distance of about three hundred miles there are buried forests of large trees, one over the other, with interspaces of sand. Ten distinct forest growths of this description have been observed, which it is believed must have succeeded each other. Of these trees, known as the bald cypress, some have been found over twenty-five feet in diameter, and one contained 5,700 rings; in some instances, too, huge trees have grown from the stumps of others equally large. From these facts geologists have assumed the antiquity of each forest growth at 10,000 years, or 100,000 for all.

Farm and Garden.

WATERING FLOWERS.—Morning seems to be the most suitable time for watering, and lukewarm water should be used applied to the surface of the soil. Often it is poured into the saucers of the pots, to soak up into the earth at its leisure; but nature does not perform her operations by such a process, but sends the rain from above, and probably her example will be safe to follow. The plants should be watered thoroughly so that the water will penetrate to their roots. Those who are constantly dribbling a small supply of water on their plants will not have them in a flourishing condition for any length of time.

LOSS BY SHEEP TICKS.—It is rare to find a flock of sheep that is not annoyed by these pests; and the sheep are constantly nibbling in their fleeces to allay the irritation caused by them. Yet, sheep owners do not seem to realize their losses. Lambs have been known to be so pestered with ticks after the sheep have been sheared and the ticks, deprived of shelter, have left them, and gathered upon the lambs, that they have died in consequence. And yet there is an effective remedy, viz.: Dipping the lambs early in the season, or both lambs and sheep later. The most effective dip is an infusion of tobacco and sulphur.

CLOVER.—In the vicinity of cities and large towns in England farmers sow considerable quantities of clover, which is mown when in blossom and done up in bundles, weighed, loaded into wagons and taken to the town or city, where it meets with a ready sale to cabmen, truckmen, omnibus men, and all persons owning horses. These bundles of clover make an excellent feed for horses, besides making a change. The clover, when fed in small quantities, has medicinal properties which keep the horses in good condition during summer, and horses fed occasionally with green clover are rarely if ever either out of condition or troubled with harness galls.

GARDENING.—A thoughtful writer recommends to every man, especially in the autumn of his life, to take to gardening, if he has not already experienced its pleasures. Of all occupations in the world it is the one which best combines repose and activity. It is not idleness, it is not stagnation, and yet it is perfect quietude. Like all things mortal it has its failures and its disappointments, and there are some things hard to understand. But it is never without its rewards, and perhaps if there were nothing but successful cultivation, the aggregate enjoyment would be less. It is better for the occasional shadows that come over the scene. The discipline, too, is most salutary. It tries our patience and it tries our faith.

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SIXTY-SECOND YEAR.

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(Lock Box 5.) **720 Sansom St., Phila., Pa.**

A RAINY DAY.

It is a genuine rainy day—not showery or dull and drizzling—but "there is the sound of abundance of rain." The windows of heaven are open, and at this rate, before night, the dry ways will be turned into brooks, and the brooks into rivers.

Suppose there are some persons to whom this rainy day is a great disappointment—it interferes with their plans and breaks their appointments. But to others it comes as a benediction—it is just the day for indoor work; we have a good excuse for not leaving the house, and the weather is an effectual protection against the intrusion of vexatious visitors. We can settle down to our writing or reading, or whatever else we have to do without the danger of interruption, and this gives a charm to our work. We are, of course, very sorry for those who are not allowed to stay within doors, let the weather be as it may—for the milkmen, the butchers, the bakers, the letter-carriers and the railway employes who must face the storm, even if the rain comes down in torrents; but, then, they are used to it, and have long since accepted this as one of the incidents of their vocation.

We would not care to live in a region where it seldom, if ever rained. By scientific irrigation good crops may be made to grow, but the artificial ditch is a poor substitute for the rain. People want a little variety in the weather, as they do in everything else. Who would wish to have the bright sunshine, and the thermometer at seventy degrees all the time? We enjoy things by contrast, and the long, driving storm makes the contrast all the more glorious when the clouds break and the sun comes forth in its might. The sweet and beautiful rain! Just think of the good that comes of it!

In the first place, it washes the atmosphere of its foul and contaminating odors, sweeps away into the rivers, and through the rivers into the ocean, those decaying substances which would breed pestilence on the land; replaces the stagnant waters with the sweet dews of heaven, and furnishes to man the only effectual material for his purification. We are told that the Arabs in the desert, where water is very scarce and precious, try to cleanse themselves by rubbing their bodies with sand. The standard of cleanliness among that people is not very high. A sand-bath would hardly satisfy us.

But in any event, it is a satisfaction to know that men can never stop the rain when the clouds are ready to empty themselves. Otherwise we should be at the mercy of hay-makers and excursionists. One of the the profound sayings that has come down to us from antiquity is this: "When it rains, let it rain." We do well to accept this without qualification, for we doubt whether it is within the power of man to regulate the rain and the sunshine to any better advantage if the matter were put under his control.

SANCTUM CHAT.

A HOUSE was burning at Oshkosh, Wis., and a woman was left inside. Her husband cried, "Five thousand dollars to the man who saves her!" A fireman dashed in at great personal risk, and brought her out alive. Although the husband is very wealthy, he refused to give a dollar of the reward; but the Supreme Court decides that the offer of $5,000 was valid, and that the money must be paid.

—

IN Paris electric clocks are set wherever four roads meet, blue enameled plates are painted with white letters on a uniform model to tell the names of the streets and numbers of the houses; and the nomenclature of the streets is a most ingenious thing, grouping thoroughfares with the names of cities near the railway stations; streets named after composers round the opera house; those after astrononomers round the observatory, and so on.

—

THE Union Pacific Railway, besides setting the example of planting trees largely, have used every persuasion to induce farmers along their line to set out trees largely, and that particularly of those kinds of timber which will be of service for ties. Forest planters are realizing that there is no more profitable crop than timber, and Western farmers that there is no section of the country better adapted for the purpose than the prairies. Pine forests cannot be planted too soon on the great plains, and there cannot be a question as to their success and great future profit. Trees thrive wonderfully well on the prairie soil and take but a few years to furnish fuel, and soon are large enough for other purposes.

—

AT the Munich Electrical Exhibition one of the curiosities was a telephone transmitting music over a distance of 63 miles. At the palace a huge telephone arrangement brought over music from the English Cafe, so that the whole immense audience could hear the pieces quite distinctly. But perhaps the most significant exhibit was a single wire which conveyed electrical energy a distance of 37 miles from the coal mines, where it was generated. This augurs a future for the economical use of labor which may have far-reaching results.

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THE increase of wealth in the country during the last eighty years been materially greater than the increased advantage in per capita. In 1800 the wealth of the United States was somewhere in the vicinity of $1,110,000,000, a per capita of about $210; since then it has grown to over $49,800,000,000, a per capita of about $990. This is the most remarkable advance of actual wealth in financial history, as there was but a population of 5,300,000 in our republic in 1800. While we are considerably richer than France, or the United Kingdoms of Great Britain, they exceed us in the average wealth per capita.

—

THE Unity Club of Cincinnati is endeavoring to establish in that city a creche or nursery, where working women may leave their infants to be cared for while mothers are at their daily labors. In the proposed case, the children will be kept only during the day, in order to give the mothers an opportunity to go out washing, ironing, or charring. The babies will receive all the food and care they need at the hands of faithful, competent women, and also be under the daily supervision of a physician. A nominal price of five cents a day will be imposed upon each mother, for the food and care of the infant, it being considered by the projectors of this humane movement as more expedient to make this light charge (which will probably cover the bare cost of the food) than to give absolute charity.

—

AMONG the pathetic figures in the South are the old plantation negroes whom the downfall of slavery left without homes or means of support at the time of life when they could do little or nothing to help themselves. An Atlanta gentleman is preparing to raise a fund for the establishment of a home for these aged relics of the past. "Kept in slavery," says the Atlanta *Constitution*, "until they were too old to adapt themselves to the new order of things—turned penniless on the world when the old limbs were too stiff and weak for efficient work, without sons able or willing to support them, simple-minded, affectionate, sincere—there is much in their pitiable condition to excite sympathy. They are seldom beggars, and still more seldom dishonest. With their hearts in the old plantation days, few wants and simple habits, they prefer to sit in the sunshine and suffer in the body, while feeding their souls with day dreams."

—

SOME idea of the vast moneyed interest represented by the manufacturing industries of the country may be gathered from a recent bulletin. It furnishes statistics of the capital, employes, and manufactories whose product enriches the twenty leading cities. New York, as a matter of course, heads the list with her 11,152 manufactories, 217,977 employes, $164,916,853 capital, and $448,209,248 of annual product. This city ranks second, with 8,377 manufactories, 217,977 employes, and a capital of $170,495,191, with an annual product of $394,591,725. Chicago, whose manufacturing interests are steadily enlarging, stands at present third in extent of her manufactured goods. She has 3,478 factories, with 77,601 employes; her capital investment in this business is $64,177,335, with an annual product of $241,045,607. Brooklyn stands fourth, and Boston fifth in importance. The former has 5,089 manufactories, engaging 45,226 men. Her manufacturing capital is $56,621,399, with an annual return of $169,757,500. Boston has an annual return of $18,336,137 on a capital investment of $45,750,134. This gives employment to 56,818 persons, working in 2,521 factories. The other cities, in order of importance, are St. Louis, Cincinnati, Baltimore, Pittsburg, San Francisco, Newark, New Jersey; Cleveland, Buffalo, Providence, Milwaukee, Louisville, Detroit, New Orleans and Washington. These cities combined have nearly 70,000 manufactories, employing nearly 900,000 people. The capital invested to keep them busy is about $900,000,000. Its annual return in manufactured products is over $2,100,000,000.

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THE following curious observations of sound have been carefully verified by an extended series of experiments: The whistle of a locomotive is heard 2,300 yards; the noise of a railroad train, 2,800; the report of a musket and the bark of a dog, 1,800; an orchestra or the roll of a drum, 1,600; the human voice reaches to a distance of 1,000; the croaking of frogs, 900; the chirping of chickens, 800. Distinct speaking is heard in the air from below up to a distance of 600 yards; from above it is only understood to a distance of 100 yards downward. It has been ascertained that an echo is well reflected from the surface of smooth water only when the voice is from an elevation. Other similar phenomena connected with the transmission of sound have been observed, but the results disagree, either from inaccuracy in the observations, or from the varying nature of the circumstances affecting the number obtained. Such variations occur to an extent of ten to twenty per cent., and even more. The weather being cold and dry, or warm and wet, are the chief influencing causes. In the first case the sound goes to a greater, and in the second to a lesser.

—

THEY have curious ways in China as to admitting converts to church membership. In the Baptist Mission Churches when a Chinaman applies for membership, he is asked many pointed questions, for instance: "Do you owe any money?" "Do you expect any worldly advantage from joining the church?" etc. Recently the Baptist Church in Swatow arraigned its most prominent member, a lawyer, for charging a client an exorbitant fee. He would have been excluded if he had not confessed, refunded the amount overcharged, and promised to be reasonable in his charges in the future. If any such methods as these were adopted in our churches the result would be simply revolutionary. There are other cases in which churches abroad make regulations in regard to membership which are not in vogue among home churches. Thus, in Mexico, some men who were ordained Presbyterian elders, were first made to learn and recite the whole of the Westminster Shorter Catechism. As not one elder in fifty in the United States is able to do this, it seemed like taking undue advantage of the willingness of the Mexicans.

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THE following anecdote, related by a London paper, is amusing, even if it is not strictly accurate as to fact: "Although it may be pretty generally known that Fellows of All Souls, Oxford, are chosen less for their mental attainments than for their aristocratic family connections and general style, yet it may not be so universally known how, in a certain year, a vacancy in the number of the college fellowship was filled up. There were three graduates, who appeared to possess equal qualifications entitling them to election to the vacancy; but the heads of the college were at a loss to whom the honor most properly belonged. At last it was suggested that the three gentlemen should be invited to dinner, that cherry tart should form a part of the repast, and that observation should be made as to which of the three candidates disposed of the cherry stones in the most gentlemanly manner. When the time of trial arrived, it was remarked that one of the gentlemen separated the fruit from the stones with his spoon and fork; the second put the cherries in his mouth and re-conveyed the stones to his plate; but the third, placing the cherries in his mouth, elegantly swallowed the stones. The last was unanimously declared the most gentlemanly-mannered, and he was accordingly elected." This system of election was certainly original, and does not recommend itself for adoption to American universities.

HOW WE AGREE.

BY SYLVIA A. MOSS.

I love the woods, my lord loves well the sea,
Yet we agree we will not disagree;
And for my sake he seeks the mountain side,
With him I walk the sands beside the sea.

We gather shells, and mosses brown and white,
Dark tangled sea-weeds, and we breathe the air
That blows across the waters deep and dark—
I almost love the shore when I am there.

O, but the mountains have a charm intense,
With all their wealth of beauty they are free,
Sublime in all their grand pre-eminence,
They overlook the plain, the shore, the sea.

Their brilliant wild-flowers, and the vines and leaves
Possess a beauty and a life as well,
The hare-bells and the gentians have a pow'r
To please, beyond the beauty of a shell.

And I best love the mountains and the woods,
And to my children may they ever be
A heritage sublime, for those who dwell
Among the mountains are forever free.

Two Homes.

BY ARION.

THERE was trouble on a certain morning in two homes at opposite ends of the city.

The homes were very different, and so was the nature of the trouble; nevertheless, the latter was felt with considerable keenness, the latter was felt with considerable keenness by the respective inhabitants of both.

The first of these dwellings was on the south side of Merrion Square, a goodly mansion, the abode of wealth and luxury.

The lady to whom all this belonged sat disconsolate in the midst of her rich surroundings.

Books and embroidery were on the dainty little flower-decked table at her side, but they were untouched; and a restless, troubled expression was on her face while she nervously clasped and unclasped the jewelled hands lying idle in her lap.

The door opened, and a footman announced a visitor.

"Oh," she exclaimed, rising to greet her, "you got my note.

"How kind of you to come!

"I am in such distress."

"And for what?" asked the friend.

"Tell me all about it."

"You remember my cousin Laura Merrihew?"

"Of course.

"But no one has seen her for years.

"She has shut herself up in her country-place ever since her husband died; has she not?"

"Yes; she is still a prey to grief.

"Before they married, her husband gave her, as her engagement ring, a valuable jewel that had been in his family for time out of mind, and had come to him from his mother.

"It was a diamond, a single stone of great size and the purest water.

"Of course she valued it immensely, as indeed she would have any gift of a man to whom she was so devoted.

"Since his death, this ring has been simply inestimable in her eyes—the earnest of happiness ruined so soon.

"Latterly, she has fancied that the stone was becoming loose in the setting, and spoke of sending the ring to me to have it examined by a jeweler, but could never make up her mind to part with it, even for a few days.

"At last, however, the stone came out of the setting.

"She sent it immediately to me, and"—here the speaker broke down—"I have lost it!"

"You have lost the stone?

"How very unfortunate!

"No wonder you are so wretched.

"Tell me how it happened."

The lady told her story, pouring the details of her misadventure into sympathetic ears.

The means that had been adopted for the recovery of the lost treasure were discussed by the two ladies, and fresh measures suggested.

At last the visitor departed, leaving the owner of these gorgeous drawing-rooms with an anxious and heavy heart under her "silk attire."

* * * * * *

The other home was in a different quarter of the city.

It consisted of one room in a house let out as tenements.

The house was habited by extremely poor families, and situated in a dirty and dark back street.

Lying outside the bed, partly dressed, was a man—the wreck of a fine, stalwart, broad-shouldered young fellow.

He was a day-laborer, and had lately left the hospital after a long and heavy fit of illness.

Two small children were playing quietly in a corner; and the wife, her apron thrown over her head, was sitting beside the fireless grate, rocking herself backwards and forwards, sobbing bitterly.

"If I could get work, I wouldn't fret," said the young woman.

"We might struggle on, and keep the life in us till such time as you were on your feet again.

"But I can't.

"It's a poor case to be able and willing to earn, and not get it to do.

"The last job of needlework Miss West got for me, she's a good friend, heaven bless her, was well paid for.

"She promised to try and get me more amongst her ladies.

"I'll go off to her now, and see if she has heard of anything.

"You'll be good, avourneen, while I'm away," said she, kissing the two half-starved mites in the corner.

"An' ye won't cry, or disturb the poor sick daddy.

"I'll be back, Jim, my heart, in less than no time."

Faith in Divine help and patient endurance of suffering are traits well known to those whose experience lies among the lower orders.

Poor Jim had a full share of both.

Nevertheless, when his wife had gone, he broke down miserably.

"God help her!" he said, looking after her retreating figure; "and God forgive me for deceiving her, and making up stories about getting strong and well, when I know as sure as that I'm lying stretched here, that the never a stroke of work I'll do again in this world.

"My heart is weak from fasting, and the longing and the craving are killing me."

Meantime poor Mary was hurrying along through the streets with anxious footsteps, speculating on the possibility of her friend having found her any work among her pupils.

Miss West was a music teacher.

Though but nineteen, she was the main prop and stay of a widowed invalid mother and young sisters; earning by her daily toil that which eked out the pittance left of better days, and made by frugal contrivance the two ends meet.

But none are so poor as not to be able to help in some way those worse off than themselves.

The young girl had pleaded successfully for Mary, and had procured employment that had been the only support of the family during Jim's illness.

She was going to breakfast when her protegee entered.

The table was already spread, and she was just preparing to attack, with the healthy appetite of youth, and the knowledge that many busy hours would pass before she would again see food, a goodly slice of thick bread-and-butter.

The thickness, be it observed, was reforable to the bread only, the butter spread thereon being limited to an almost imperceptible "scrape."

"Ah, is that you, Mary?" she said with the bright pleasant smile that always seemed, Mary declared, to "rise her heart out of trouble."

"I am afraid I have no orders for you this morning; but I have got a new pupil, and she tells me that there will shortly be a wedding in the family.

"So there's a chance for you.

"Needlework may be required, and I may have good news for you before long."

Poor Mary wrung her hands together under her cloak, straining them hard in the agony of her disappointment that she strove to keep down and hide from her young benefactress.

Very bitter was the pang of deferred hope; but she would not seem to be ungrateful.

After a few words and a cup of tea with a heavy heart Mary turned away, retracing her steps along the passage.

Remembering something, however, before reaching the hall door, she came back, and reappeared in the room where the little governess was tying her bonnet-strings, preparing to set out.

"I forgot this," she said.

"Sure, I'm losing my mind entirely with the fret that's on it.

"God help me! my burden is making me foolish.

"Coming along this morning, I seen this on the flags, and put it in my pocket, thinking maybe if it was clean, one of your little sisters might fancy it for her cur'osity-box.

"Let me wipe the mud off it for you, Miss.

"It shines bright and beautiful now—a bit of glass like."

A moment's scrutiny of the object sparkling on the woman's outstretched palm, and Miss West cried out:

"Give it to me quick, and wait," snatched it from her, Mary staring in astonishment at her vehemence, and rushed upstairs to her mother's room.

"What is it, dear?" said the startled invalid as she dashed in.

"What ever is the matter?"

"Oh, mother, look!

"Can this be what we saw advertised for in the newspaper?

"Is it possible poor Mary can be the lucky finder?

"I can scarcely believe it.

"Do look.

The advertisement was as follows:

"$300 REWARD.—Lost, a valuable DIAMOND."

[The description and further particulars given.]

"Whoever find it, or can give information leading to its recovery, will receive the above reward by applying at——, Merrion Square, South."

Mrs. West at once pronounced what was submitted to her experienced judgment, to be a diamond of great value, and was strongly of opinion that it might be the missing one.

But both mother and daughter agreed it would be better not to tell Mary the extent of her possible good fortune, for fear of disappointment.

So on returning to her, the young lady only said:

"My mother thinks this may be something we have seen advertised for in that square, so I will go with you to the house mentioned."

"Thank ye kindly, Miss.

"The footmen in them grand houses wouldn't look at the likes o' me.

"They'd just slap the door in my face, if I made so bold as to ring."

As she tripped along, the young governess's heart beat high at the prospect of what might be the happy result of her errand.

No more slaving for poor Mary; good food for Jim; an airy lodging at the sea-side, where he would soon recover his strength; clothes and furniture redeemed from pawn; and after an interval of rest and ease—sorely needed after their sufferings—her humble friends restored to their old life of industry and comfort.

It is needless to dwell upon what followed when Miss West was shown up into the drawing-room, and displayed before the enraptured eyes of its occupant the precious jewel whose loss had caused her such tribulation.

As for poor Mary, it was some time before she could realize her good fortune, or take in the bewildering tidings of the wealth that had so providentially come to her and them.

And Jim, what news for him!

There was healing in the very thought of such prosperity.

* * * * * *

So it came to pass that in the two homes, clouded so lately with trouble and anxiety, peace of mind was restored.

Heaviness had endured for a night—a long weary night in one case—but joy had come to both in the morning.

A Good Investment.

BY FLORENCE MUERER.

FATHER mayn't I have ten dollars?"

Sadie Summerton said the above in a deprecating pleading tone as if asking a wonderful boon.

Farmer Summerton laid down his paper and looked at her in amazement over the rim of his spectacles.

Ten dollars?"

"Yes," her lip quivering in spite of all her assumed bravery, "to buy a new dress.

"I have nothing really decent, and I wanted it for cousin Jennie's party."

"Hum.

"I need all my money to buy bread and meat and necessaries.

And he took up his hat and strode away to the cornfield to oversee the ploughing with hands thrust deep in his pockets.

Sadie, who was no exception to the usual rule of womankind, sat down and had a good cry.

"Oh dear.

"Mother, it's just too bad.

"My old dress is so shabby, and—and am I never to have anything new like other girls?"

Poor, harrassed, overworked Mrs. Summerton sat down and took up little Tommy's knickerbockers that she was mending with a resigned sigh.

"Couldn't you fix over my brown alpaca so it would answer?"

"Your brown alpaca," with a look of disgust; "and besides, it's the only respectable dress you possess."

"Mother," with red cheeks and bright indignant eyes, "are we so poverty-stricken as father pretends?"

"Well, I don't know," said loyal tender-hearted Mrs. Summerton: "there's that note of Roger's due this spring, and the crops last year, father says, weren't over good."

"Nonsense.

"The crops were fine, and the note of Rogers', a security debt of only two hundred dollars, is by no means any reason why we all should be put on short rations the remainder of our natural lives.

"However, I suppose I'll have to give up the party.

"Oh dear, if I only had some way of earning the money myself.

"I would do anything honorable."

"Sadie," said her mother, in a serious voice, "there are the strawberries, that father says don't pay to have gathered, and refuses to do anything with this year.

"We cannot possibly use them all; if you can sell them you are welcome to them, dear, and Tommy can be hired at very low wages to help you gather and market them."

"Oh mother, the very thing.

"I will go this afternoon and try to engage them.

"How very fortunate you thought of them."

And pretty little Sadie hastily dressed herself in a light print dress, tied on a light sun-bonnet and called to ten-year-old Tommy, who was weeding in the garden, and revealed her plans to him and asked for his assistance.

"Good for you, sis," he answered, tossing a stone after a refractory chicken.

"Yes, I'll help, and I say, why not sell them to the squire?"

Sadie started, the sweet rose color deepening in her cheeks.

The squire was the rich new landlord of Cloverdeen, and foolish little Sadie had cherished some romantic notions in regard to him, although they had never met, but Tommy's advice put them all to flight.

"Yes," she thought, closing her red lips firmly, "why need I care?

"His money will be as good as any one's."

It was a very beautiful mansion that she paused before and regarded with doubtful, trembling heart, yet passed on up the gravelled carriage-way, wise enough to go round to the back door.

A portly-looking lady, in black silk and gold earrings, looked up from an account book she was glancing over as the maid ushered her into the long-fine dining-room.

"Well?" said the lady interrogatively.

"I—we will have some fine strawberries to sell.

"Do you care to bespeak any?"

And the upshot of the matter was, Sadie went home with a light heart, for the housekeeper of Cloverdeen had bespoke her strawberries at an excellent price.

It was hard work picking them in the hot, dewy mornings, and not altogether pleasant carrying them over the fields every day to Cloverdeen, but Tommy proved a valuable assistant, and the work progressed smoothly until one day, as Sadie was passing out of the Squire's grounds, she was met by a handsome dark-eyed young gentleman, riding a superb and highly-mettled black horse, that shied aside at the flutter of her bonnet so violently and suddenly as to fling his rider to the ground.

"Oh!" cried Sadie, in wild affright, running towards him.

"Are you hurt?

"Oh, I hope you are not harmed."

"No," said he slowly, "I believe not, only my shoulder has received a wrench.

"What a vicious brute Emperor is," with a grimace.

"No, child, I am not hurt," he added kindly, noticing her pale frightened beautiful face.

Down from the verandah of the house hastened anxious friends, while Sadie took up her basket and went on her homeward way, her mind still seeing that handsome intellectual face, and the dark gentle penetrating eyes.

* * * * * *

"Sadie," said her father one day, "sister Mary met me at Mayfield last night, and seemed anxious about your coming to Jennie's party.

"So if you want that dress I reckon you'd best get it.

"Here's the money."

And to Sadie's astonishment her father placed a note in her hand.

"Why, father!" she exclaimed, greatly amazed.

"Why I——"

"Oh, thank you, father, if you really mean it."

And she slipped up behind him and dropped a light kiss on the top of his bald head.

The old father said nothing, but could Sadie and her mother have divined the cause of his rare and unexpected generosity they would have found it originated from a remark of his sister's to the effect that the young heir of Cloverdeen was coming to their party, and that her Jennie was to have a new silk gown made in London.

"My Sadie's the handsomest of the two," thought the old farmer.

"Yes, she's the handsomest girl in all this county.

"Supposing I give her a chance to show the folks what she can do, just as a little surprise?"

"Get something handsome," he said.

"I don't know much about women's fixings and such like; but have it made in town and all right, and if that ain't enough you shall have more."

"Oh father, how good you are, but I think this will be sufficient," said the modest little Sadie, remembering her own fifteen dollars that she had received for her strawberries.

That morning, entering the shaded grounds of Cloverdeen with her last basketful of strawberries, she came directly on the young gentleman who had seen so ignominiously dethroned.

"Ah," he said, with a smile of delighted recognition, lifting his hat gallantly, and extending his white hand for her basket, "it's our good little fairy who has been bringing us such delicious strawberries.

"Permit me, please."

And, notwithstanding her embarrassed protests, he took the basket of fruit and, walking beside her, talked so pleasantly and kindly on various commonplace subjects that she almost forgot that to him she was only the little strawberry girl.

"Mr. Carleton! Mr. Carleton!" called out a fresh young voice from the verandah, as they passed.

"Yes, I'll return presently," he answered, and Sadie was conscious of a beautiful lady in trailing silk, who was regarding them curiously, also that her new acquaintance was the owner of Cloverdeen.

He seemed in no haste to leave her, and her blushes grew deeper and deeper as she thought of her cheap dress and stained hands, and she was glad when he left her at the gate with a graceful bow, and smile, and good-bye.

"We shall not meet again in this way," she thought.

"Oh, I am so thankful the strawberries are gone; and he don't even know my name."

The night of the party—which was to celebrate Jennie's nineteenth birthday—arrived, and the large fine farmhouse was a scene of gaiety and happy faces.

Jennie, attired in her new silk looked exceedingly pretty, but the sensation of the evening was beautiful little Sadie Summerton.

Everything, from her tiny slippers and silken hose to the graceful arrangement of her abundant brown hair, was in perfect taste and keeping with her fresh young beauty.

Her father was her escort, and enjoyed the admiration she was receiving to the utmost.

"Prettiest gal here, and prettiest dressed.

"Well, I'd like to know who can better afford it anyway?" and he chuckled to himself, thinking of his bank account and his two fine farms.

"There, that's young Carleton the gals have been going for so heavily.

"An, and it's Sadie he's looking at so surprised like."

Yes, it was true; the young squire was regarding beautiful Sadie in surprise, almost amazement.

"Why, upon my word!

"It's none other than my charming little strawberry girl.

"But what means this transformation?

"To-night she would grace a queen's drawing-room.

"I'll be introduced and fathom the mystery."

And he was, and found pretty modest Sadie a rare and lovely woman, but it was a long time before he could discover why she sold strawberries.

When she had promised to be Mrs. Carleton, she acknowledged her sore need of money at that time, even in the old father's presence, who, being altogether satisfied with his future son-in-law, now gave her no cause to plead for a little money.

"I was most too close," he said, "but, after all, those strawberries were a good investment—eh, Sadie?"

And the squire laughed and said—

"Yes, indeed, to me."

Her Own Fault.

BY M. O. T.

THE level beams of the mellow May sunset were revealing every flaw and crack in the cheap papering which covered the walls of the little garret-room where Mabel More sat busily at her sewing-machine, and a single pot of blue pansies in the high narrow window made a spot of color for poor Mrs. More's weary eyes to rest upon as she toiled at the floss silk embroidery which was her whole occupation.

The room was small and scantily furnished, but there was within its walls one relic of bygone days.

A black satin screen, mounted on a standard of gilded bamboo, and painted in deep rich oil-colors, with a scarlet flamingo floating upwards against a background of reeds and grasses, while in the distance flamed a stormy sunset sky.

"Mamma did it herself, when she was a girl at boarding-school," said Mabel More, to those who sometimes asked the history of this one remaining token of luxury.

"We have kept it through everything.

"I would not part with it for its weight in gold."

And then she would laughingly tell the tale of how half-a-dozen collectors of antiques and æsthetic furniture had at different times endeavored to purchase the old satin screen.

"One man wanted to buy it with a pair of tongs and a brass coal-scuttle," said she; "another one offered a broken set of Thackeray's novels and a fender; and a third bargained with a set of china and a broken-nosed alabaster statue of Psyche."

For Mabel was a bright-eyed sweet-faced girl, who had a very keen sense of the ridiculous, and lived through the hard realities of her life with the quiet fortitude of an inborn heroine.

But after all the second-hand dealers were nothing in resolution and persistence as compared with Miss Ann Azalea Harper, the daughter of the landlord from whose leaky and badly-drained premises they had removed a few weeks previously.

Miss Ann Azalea had a fair idea of bric-a-brac treasures, and she had cast her fine eyes upon this very screen.

"It's worth a deal of money," said Ann Azalea to herself; "and it was only this morning that Aunt Hepsy was wishing for just such an old-fashioned screen."

Now aunt Hepsy was a rich old maid, shrewd, crusty, elderly, and full of distrust of all the smooth-tongued relatives whose professions of love and respect were so extreme.

"A screen?" said aunt Hepsy. "Yes, I want a screen."

"I'll paint you one, dear aunt," said Ann Azalea.

"Much of a screen you could paint!" said the old lady disdainfully.

"I improved a great deal at boarding-school," said Ann.

"And I'll stretch it upon an antique bamboo rack, and really I think it will please you."

"I don't," said aunt Hepsy.

"May I try, dear aunt?"

"Yes," said the old lady grudgingly, "you may try."

And Ann Azalea, who had already in her mind appropriated Mrs. More's antique screen, set diligently about the work of getting possession of the same.

"You owe my pa ten dollars for rent," said Ann Azalea spitefully, as she sat panting for breath in the little garret-room, after having toiled up the three long and narrow flights of stairs.

"You can't deny it."

"It is quite true," acknowledged meek Mrs. More, who, in her daughter's absence, was absolutely defenceless; "but ——"

"You ought to be ashamed to owe so much money as that," said Ann Azalea.

"We have been very unfortunate of late," said Mrs. More.

"But we fully intend to pay all our indebtedness as soon as my daughter can ——"

"Oh, that's all nonsence," brusquely interrupted Ann.

"Pa ought to have put in an execution—that's what he ought to have done."

Poor Mrs. More shuddered.

"And it ain't too late now," added the young lady.

"Oh, Miss Harper!"

"But we don't want to be exorbitant," she graciously said.

"So sooner than be at the expense of a law-suit, I'll take some trifle or other in pay.

"That screen, for instance," with her eyes fixed on the pictured flight of the scarlet flamingo.

"Ten dollars is a deal of money, and the screen is an old thing, but I wouldn't mind calling things even, just to ease your conscience, if——"

"I couldn't—oh, I couldn't!" cried poor Mrs. More, the tears coming into her eyes.

"It was work I did as a girl.

"My own poor mother sketched in the green rushes and grass with her pencil, and —and if any one is to have it, it is already promised to an old family friend, who is to pay one hundred dollars for it."

"Very well," said Miss Harper rising, with an ominous toss of her head.

"Then if you really mean to swindle us ——"

"Miss Harper!"

"If you really mean to swindle us," severely repeated Ann Azalea, "I may as well stop at the constable's on my way back and put in the distraint at once."

Mrs. More clasped her thin hands in a sort of nervous horror.

If poor Mabel, who had gone out so buoyantly to carry home her little parcel of finished work, should return and find the minions of law in possession.

"I am a selfish creature," she told herself, "to prefer my own inclination to May's happiness."

And so she told Ann Azalea, with a burst of tears, that the screen should be hers.

"I will send it to you in the evening," said she, piteously."

"If you'll just wrap a bit of brown paper around it I'll take it now," suggested Miss Harper, who believed firmly in the ancient adage of the "bird in the hand being worth two in the bush."

And so the scarlet flamingo was carried away in the triumphant arms of Miss Harper.

"After all," soliloquised she, "I got it for absolutely nothing.

"For pa said the old mahogany bookcase he took from them was worth a third more than all the rent they owed, and any one but a fool like that whimpering little Mrs. More would have known it perfectly well.

"And I'm sure it will suit aunt Hepsy to a t."

While poor Mrs. More, sobbing bitterly before the empty place where her beloved screen had stood, felt as if all the sweet associations of her early youth had been wrenched away,

"Mother, dear mother, why are you crying?" questioned Mabel, hurrying into the room.

"Is your headache worse?

"Oh, mother, where is the screen?

"I have brought Miss Milman to see you about it.

"She says she will give you one hundred and fifty dollars for it if——"

"I have sold it," said Mrs. More, "for ten dollars to our landlord's daughter.

"Or rather I have let her take it away in payment for the balance of the rent we owed them.

"She has deceived you, mother!" cried Mabel, coloring up with honest indignation.

"We owed her nothing.

"Oh dear, mother, if I had only been at home."

Miss Milman, a stout, short, grizzle-headed lady, stood still in the centre of the room looking sharply about her.

"Don't fret, Alice More," said she.

"Tears never yet did any good.

"You may depend upon it, this woman's cruel deceit will yet recoil upon her own head.

"What is your landlord's name?"

"Harper," said Mrs. More. "Ebenezer Harper."

"Oh!" said Miss Milman.

And then she went away.

* * * * * *

"Dear aunt Hepsy," said Ann Azalea radiantly, "I've come to wish you many happy returns of your birthday.

"And here's a little present—the screen I promised you."

"Eh?" said aunt Hepsy.

"My own work," said Ann Azalea.

"And I do so hope you'll like it."

"Humph!" commented the old lady.

"I've worked day and night to get it finished," said Ann Azalea.

"Ann Azalea," said the old lady, suddenly becoming inspired with some degree of animation, "where do you expect to go to when you die?"

"Dear aunt," said Ann Azalea, "I don't understand you."

"Because you are telling a perfect tissue of stories, each one more outrageous than the other," said this painfully frank old lady.

"The screen is not your own work at all.

"The satin was painted by an old school friend of mine fifty odd years ago.

"You cheated her out of it the day before yesterday by a regular piece of swindling that would have disgraced a mock auctioneer.

"And now you may go and carry it back to her—Mrs. More, No. 7, Lilac Court—with my compliments. And Ann Azalea ——"

"Yes, aunt," said the dejected young lady.

"You needn't trouble to come back here again.

"If I adopt an heiress it must be some one who is pure, and good, and truthful—not such a one as you!

"And I'm rather disposed to think it shall be Mabel More."

And so Miss Ann Azalea Harper's grand scheme resulted in utter failure.

The screen was borne ignominiously back, and Mabel More is now her aunt's adopted darling.

And papa Harper, instead of tenderly consoling his daughter, says gruffly—

"It's all your own fault!"

Cross Purposes.

BY ERNEST L. SMITH.

I GIVE it up,' said Mrs. Carmichael, in despair.

Now it was neither riddle nor conundrum which this young housekeeper was giving up.

The expression was merely an index to the despair of her inmost soul.

She had been house-hunting all the day, all the week, all the month, in fact, ever since the stony-hearted landlord raised the rent of the desirable family mansion which they already inhabited twenty-five per cent., and made it an inevitable necessity to move—and she could find no house for the sole of her foot.

"And what's to become of us, I'm sure I don't know," said Mrs. Carmichael; "for we can't stay here, and we can't live under an umbrella in a field, and in this climate caves and wigwams are entirely out of the question."

"That's nonsense, my dear," said Mr. Carmichael.

"As if there weren't plenty of houses to be had."

"Then go and try yourself," said his wife, with spirit.

"I've got my business to attend to," he said.

"We are always particularly busy in the spring of the year with our wholesale orders.

"Why can't John go?"

"John?" she repeated.

"Yes, John."

"I never thought of that," said Mrs. Carmichael.

"It's not so bad a suggestion," said Carmichael; "he isn't such a slave to business as I am, and——"

"But what does John know about a house?" exclaimed the young wife piteously.

"My dear child," said Mr. Carmichael, in a patronizing sort of way, "to hear you talk, one would imagine that house-hunting was a science, and required a regular college course.

"John isn't a fool.

"Tell him what you want, and how much you can afford to pay, and that will be all that is necessary."

So it came to pass that Mr. Barton—Mrs. Carmichael's brother—who was an enterprising young lawyer, found himself burdened with the weighty responsibility of the family house-hunting.

"A fine idea!" said Mr. Barton, "I might as well be a married man and done with it."

"Dear John, do oblige me," coaxed his sister.

"I'm sure you won't mind a little time and trouble; and I'm clear tired out with the baby's teething and little Sammy's neuralgia in the face."

"Very well," said Mr. Barton, pursing his lips up into a whistling shape.

"I'll take some sort of a house, or I'll know the reason why.

"And if you're not suited with it, don't blame me."

And he commenced the next day in good earnest.

The very first house was a pretty little sort of mansion, on a side street, with a window full of hyacinths, and a sewing-machine singing away in the sitting-room.

Mrs. Blake was making some pink frocks for her baby, and her friend Miss Daffodil was sitting with her.

"There's the bell," said Mrs. Blake, as she flung the fifth pink frock in her friend's lap, to be duly finished with button-holes and buttons.

"Who can it be at this time in the morning?" said Miss Daffodil, with a terrified glance at the mirror.

"Oh, a house-hunter, I suppose," said Mrs. Blake.

"Please, ma'am," said Norah, appearing at this juncture; "a gentleman to see the house."

Miss Daffodil jumped up and fled precipitately into the closet.

"Don't open this door," Maria, whatever you do," said she, in a tragic whisper.

"Do not be afraid, dear," said Mrs. Blake.

The next minute Mr. Barton was shown into the room.

"Sorry to disturb you, madam," said he pleasantly, "but I was looking for an eligible house, and the agent has put this one on my list."

"You are looking for yourself?" said Mrs. Blake.

"Of course," said Mr. Barton, who had been effectually 'posted' by his sister; "our family is small, only two children, and we're quite particular about a light basement, good plumbing, and water-tight roofs."

"Good gracious!" said Miss Daffodil, among the tea-cups and saucers, "it's John Barton.

"The base deceiver, to let us all suppose he was an unmarried man!" and the rosy color mounted to the very roots of her hair as she remembered how she had let him kiss her at the last picnic, when nobody was looking.

"I suppose," said he, all unconscious of the pretty prisoner in the china-closet, "that I'd better write down a list of the rooms and things."

"Yes," said Mrs. Blake; "and then your wife can come and look for herself.

"For of course, a gentleman can't be expected to understand all about these little household conveniences."

"Oh, of course not," said Mr. Barton.

"The deep-dyed villain!" thought Miss Daffodil, hysterically clasping her hands.

And the two left the room.

Miss Daffodil could could hear them overhead, on the stairs, passing through the hall, and finally the front door closed with a reverberating sound, and Mrs. Blake came back to the sewing machine and pink cambric frocks.

Miss Daffodil had by this time emerged from her prison cell and stood by the window.

"What a very pleasant young gentleman," said Mrs. Blake.

"He is a miscreant," cried Miss Daffodil, whirling round like an opera dancer, on one foot.

"Why, Jenny, what's the matter?" said Mrs. Blake, in amazement.

"He has been making love to me at concerts and picnics for three months," cried Miss Daffodil; "and now he turns out to be a married man!

"Oh dear, oh dear! is there any limit to the baseness of man?"

And Jenny Daffodil flung herself, sobbing, on her friend's shoulder.

"Don't cry, dear, perhaps he didn't mean anything.

"Men will flirt, you know," said Mrs. Blake.

"But he told me he loved me."

"Dear, dear!" said Mrs. Blake.

"And he asked me to marry him."

"I never heard anything like it in all my life," said Mrs. Blake.

"And he gave me a ring with a little tiny spark of a diamond in it," added Miss Daffodil.

"Send it back, my dear," said Mrs. Blake.

Mr. John Barton could hardly credit the evidence of his senses the next morning, when the postman handed him the mysterious sealed packet which contained the little engagement ring.

"What on earth can have happened?" he asked himself.

Instinctively he turned to his sister for consolation; but Mrs. Carmichael had just gone to complete the bargain for the little house on Merrimac Street.

Miss Daffodil didn't go into the china-closet this time; she only retired behind the window curtains.

She was determined to see what John Barton's wife was like; and Mrs. Blake drew herself up as dimpled little Mrs. Carmichael was shown into the apartment.

"You are the lady whose husband called yesterday," said she, "by the name of Barton?"

"Not my husband," said Mrs. Carmichael, "only my brother.

"Barton is the name—it's quite correct; but mine is Carmichael."

"Ah, indeed," said Mrs. Blake.

"And when may we expect his wife to call?"

"His wife?"

"Yes."

Mrs. Carmichael laughed.

"My brother has not got any wife," said she.

"He's an old bachelor."

"What?" said Jenny Daffodil, behind the curtains.

"Did he say he was married?" said Mrs. Carmichael.

"Well, since you ask me the question," confessed Mrs. Blake, "I don't remember that he did say so in so many words.

"But I took it for granted."

"He's engaged to a very sweet young lady," said Mrs. Carmichael.

"A Miss Daffodil, whom I have never seen.

"But just at present he is an old bachelor.

"And——"

"What goose we have both been," cried Mrs. Blake.

"My dear Jenny, come out here this minute!

"Kiss your sister-in-law that is soon to be.

"We have jumped at a conclusion without any premises, and now we must jump back again."

So the matter was settled.

Miss Jenny Daffodil received the diamond ring back again, and every one was happy—Miss Daffodil in her lover, Mr. Barton in the prospect of a speedy marriage, and Mrs. Carmichael in the eligible house which her husband had secured for her occupancy.

"But if I live to be a hundred years old," says Mr. John Barton, "I'll never go house-hunting again.

"It's a great deal too risky."

If you have any disease which does not yield to ordinary medical treatment, don't fail to get the Treatise on Compound Oxygen, that wonderful revitalizing agent and health restorer, and study it carefully. It is sent free by DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 Girard Street Philadelphia, Pa.

New Publications.

A book that should be in every house where the least interest is taken in literary matters is Bartlett's "Familiar Quotations," of which the eighth edition is enlarged by extracts from 125 authors who are not represented in any previous edition. This book has been before the public since 1855 and is regarded as the best authority extant in its particular line. The idea and plan of the work is to trace to their origin all the common phrases in use by the speakers and writers of the English language, with such comments, notes, etc., as are necessary to make them additionally valuable and interesting. It not only fulfils its purpose perfectly as a work of reference, but in the mere matter of perusal is both highly entertaining and instructive. It is what we look upon altogether as an indispensable adjunct to any library. The volume contains over 900 pages, elegantly printed and bound. Little, Brown & Co., publishers, Boston, Mass.

One of the very best of the always good "Round Robin" stories, published by Osgood & Co., Boston, is "Rachel's Share of the Road." It is a tale with a grand moral, that of doing what good we can, and contains just enough of the love element to make up what it wanted of perfection. Its main plot centres round Rachel Lindal, the daughter of the president of the railroad, whose "share of the road" was looking after the injustice done to the poor employes and their great necessities. She is a most beautiful character and with its excellent point, capital style, and comparative brevity, "Rachel's Share of the Road" is deserving of a big share of the reading world's attention. Price, $1.00. For sale by Claxton & Co., Philadelphia.

Messrs. Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co., 739 and 741 Broadway, New York, have in press for immediate publication, "Evangeline, The Place, The Story, and The Poem." by Prof. Noah Porter, President of Yale College. To be issued in an elegant large folio volume, limited to 500 copies, numbered and signed by Prof. Porter, containing nineteen magnificent illustrations by Frank Dicksee, A.R.A., fifteen of which are elegantly reproduced in photogravure by Messrs. Goupil & Co., of Paris, and four are proof impressions on India paper from the original books, beautifully illustrating Longfellow's poem of "Evangeline." This will prove one of the handsomest artistic gift books of the season.

"Point Lace and Diamonds" is the somewhat striking title of a somewhat striking book of poems, written by Geo. A. Baker, Jr., and illustrated by Addie Ledyard. They are of the society order of verses, and as full of point, spirit and vim as they well can be. It is very seldom it can be truly said of a book of poems that there is not a dull line in it, but in this case there is not a dull word. For a couple of hours interesting reading, we would ask nothing better. Neatly printed, and bound in blue cloth. Worthington & Co., New York, Publishers. For sale by Porter & Coates. Price $1.

McMillan & Co., of London, have issued two elegantly printed books: Old Christmas and Bracebridge Hall, from Washington Irving's Sketch Book. Each is illustrated with over one hundred elegant pictures in the finest style of art. We have little need to praise the interest of these volumes in reading matter only, and the illustrations lend them additional lustre. The near approach of the Christmas holidays makes them peculiarly timely and acceptable. Price 20 cents per volume. For sale by Claxton & Co.

"A Cruise Under Six Flags" is the title of a collection of eighteen or more short stories. Some are old and some are original, but all are good. Those which have not the merit of absolute freshness are given in a sufficiently new form to make them seem so, and the circumstances of the telling of all, woven as they into a sort of a connected whole, make the book decidedly enjoyable. Those who read it we venture to say, will appreciate it. Lippincott & Co., Publishers. Price 50 cts.

MAGAZINES.

The November number of *Wide Awake* is noticeable for many pleasing features; among these a spirited frontispiece for Rev. E. E. Hale's frontier story of Levi's Bedspread, by Walter Shirlaw, and two fine illustrated poems, Mistress Mary, by Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, and The Little Queen, by Susan Coolidge. Next, both serials, The Trojan War and Lost Among Savages, are concluded, double installments being given for that purpose. There are two gay reminders of Thanksgiving month, Rose Graham telling of Tom Woo—how he made Thankful-Day resolves, and M. E. Wilkins relating the merry myth of The Pumpkin Giant. Part II. of Miss Whitney's A Suit of Homespun, deals with flax wheels and blue 'n copperas check, with fourteen illustrations by Bodish. Margaret Bertha Wright sends over from her home in France a comical story of Charlie's First Doughnut; Rev. Wm. E. Baker, who had a ghost story in the October number, tells of Another Ghost he once saw; Miss Harris furnishes a very interesting and romantic art paper relative to an American Boy Sculptor who is studying and working in France—young Paul Bartlett, the son of Truman Bartlett the Boston Sculptor. Arthur Gilman has, as usual, a capital Dictionary paper. Charming poems, Tangles, a song from Lord Houghton set to music by Fred. K. Archer, and the Chautauqua Young Folks' Reading Union Course complete, a first-rate number; Anna Maria's Housekeeping, Prof. Sargent's Health and Strength Paper, and the article on Mary Russell Mitford, of the C. Y. F. R. U. Course, deserves thoughtful perusal. $2.50 a year. D. Lothrop & Co., Publishers, Boston, Mass.

The November number of *St. Nicholas*, which begins a new volume, is the most beautiful number that we have ever seen of this magazine for young people. The frontispiece, Indian Summer, is a lovely picture in colors, drawn by R. B. Birch. Frank R. Stockton begins a new serial, The Story of Viteau, and is handsomely illustrated. J. T. Trowbridge also gives the opening chapter of a new story, entitled, The Tinkham Brothers' Tide-Mills, illustrated. Charles Barnard tells the story of Torpedoes, in an intensely interesting manner, and his story is illustrated with several graphic pictures, taken from instantaneous photographs. Noah Brooks gives an account of the life of Tad Lincoln, under the head, The Boy at the White House, The Quest is a delightful poem, which occupies eight pages, splendidly engrossed and illustrated; and The Queen's Gift is another beautifully illustrated poem. The boys and girls are equally cared for in the great variety of good things in this number. Published by the Century Co., New York, at $3 a year.

The Magazine of Art for November fully keeps up its character as being undoubtedly the finest work of the kind published. Every article, and there are many of them, is magnificently illustrated from full-page pictures down to initial letters. Among the more prominent illustrations and articles are: The Shepherdess and her flock, by Millet; A Representative American; Kabyle Pottery; The Harbingers of the Renaissance; Greek Myths in Greek Art; Studio-life in Paris; The Cathedral of Orvieto; Abandoned; Keramics in Japan; Jolly Companions; etc. Cassell, Potter, Galpin, New York. Price per number 35 cents.

Seasons come and go, the trees grow green and gold by turns, then fade away, and change. This is inseparably connected with most things, but *Vick's Illustrated Floral Magazine* never departs from its high order of excellence. The November number, just out, is as good as its predecessors, and this for a good reason—it couldn't be better. Price, $1.25 per year. James Vick, Rochester, N. Y.

"Our Little Ones and the Nursery" for November is a perfect treasury of delightful instruction and entertainment for younger children. The pictures are most numerous, and like the reading matter of just the character to please and improve the minds of the little ones. The Russell Publishing Co., 36 Bromfield St., Boston.

THE NEW BROWNBACKS.—The work of preparation for printing of the new currency "brownbacks" is going on quite satisfactorily at the Bureau of Printing and Engraving. Under the recent act of Congress authorizing national banks to renew their charters, all banks doing so must turn in their old circulation and take out new. This new money is to differ in many respects from the present national bank notes. The plate from which the face of the note is to be printed has been engraved new, and differs materially from the old. The backs are to be printed in brown instead of green and black, as the old ones. They will be printed, of course, on the fibre paper, which has made counterfeiting of our national currency so difficult, but it is not improbable that there will be difficulty in obtaining the fibre paper fast enough to print it, as called for. Only one mill in the country makes this paper and there may be some delay in obtaining a sufficient quantity to meet the demand. The manufacture of it is a profound secret, as carefully kept as the combination to the great vaults where the Government's millions lie. It is made only at the Dalton mill, in Massachusetts, which dates back almost to Colonial days. What its combinations are nobody knows, except those intimately connected with its manufacture. The secret of the paper-making is jealously guarded, as is also the paper itself. From the moment it is made until it gets into the Treasury vaults it is carefully guarded. It is sent to Washington in small iron safes, the sheets carefully counted, and all precautions against its loss being taken both by the Government officials and by the express companies which carry it. The mere possession of any of this paper by an unauthorized person is a felony. More than a thousand persons are employed in the Bureau of Printing and Engraving, at writing, plate-printing, examining, pressing, numbering, binding, and engraving. The bank-note and stamp dies are kept in vaults that can only be opened by the joint labor of three men, and each opening occupies more than fifteen minutes. All the Presidents, except the present one, have been portrayed on the bank-notes, and 3 Vice-Presidents, 24 Secretaries of the Treasury, 6 Secretaries of War, 10 Secretaries of State, and 3 Postmasters-General and Chief Justices, besides 26 Senators and Representatives, and several persons distinguished in science and literature. The highest value in national bank notes is $1,000. The printing of a bank-note requires from 22 to 25 days, and during the process it passes through the hands of 52 persons. The highest denomination of the legal-tender notes is $10,000. There are also $5,000, $1,000, and $500 notes.

A SUDDENLY rich and very muscular young man from the oil regions stopped at a sea-side hotel the other day for the first time, and had great difficulty in getting anything to eat. A sympathizing stranger at his elbow, whispered: "You will starve here if you don't tip the waiter." Two minutes afterward the waiter found himself tipped over on the floor. The young man did not starve.

EYE AND HAND.

One tear-drop from a mother's eye,
One little sob from a mother's heart,
Will make her wild boy's conscience start,
And waken echoes to her sigh.

One heavy slap from a mother's hand,
A whack upon the wild boy's ear,
Will make him from her presence steer,
And rue the mischief he had planned.

S. T. OLLS.

Humorous.

It is the late cat that catches the early bootjack

When does a clock conceal itself? When it gets behind time

"They tell me you have some money left you," said Brown. "Yes," replied Fogg, sadly, "it left me long ago."

There are 2,300 diseases which man can have to throw him on his back, yet he growls if he shakes with the ague.

"It is really very odd, my dear," said an old lady, one very hot day to a friend; "I can't bear the heat in summer, and in winter I love it."

The succeeded in making a corpse blush the other day in Ohio. Somebody mentioned that the deceased had been a member of the legislature.

A Vermont debating society will tackle the question, "Which is the most fun—to see a man try to thread a needle or to see a woman try to drive a nail?"

There is a man out in Kansas so poor that he actually hires out when ever a new county wants to start a poorhouse for them to begin on, and he is a success.

A father asked his son if he felt too tired to go to the circus, and when the boy said "no," told him to go and bring up a scuttle of coal. And the boy couldn't say he wasn't able.

It is the easiest thing in the world to distinguish between an English lord and his American copy, commonly called a snob. The Englishman always speaks well of his own country.

A book-agent out in the country was butted on the cheek by a ram. He lived half an hour, and died in great pain, deeply lamented. Don't get this thing mixed: it was the ram that departed this life.

A young doctor in a new settlement, on being asked to [illegible] and ornamenting the village cemetery, very modly replied, "that if he filled it, he thought he should do his part."

That was a rather unkind remark which a crabbed old fellow made the other day to one of those nice little boys who smoke cigarettes and offered him one. "No, thank you," he said, "I'm old enough to smoke cigars."

Do not write for the newspapers unless you have something to write about. Then, having written a real good piece, ensure its publication by starting a paper of your own and printing it the rest. This will tickle other editors

Little Willie has been summarily corrected by his mother for repeated acts of naughtiness. The [illegible] tones of anguish: "how could you marry such an ill-tempered woman as mamma?"

The other day a Chicago paper contained an item to the effect that a prominent citizen, who was known to gamble on the sly, and who never went to bed sober, had run off with another man's wife. The next day 32 Chicago citizens called to demand a retraction.

An hour or two before the execution of a French parricide, the director of the Versailles prison asked him what he would like to eat for his last repast. "Some apricots," said the murderer. "But we cannot get apricots within five months." "I will wait, then, for the [illegible]

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50 [illegible]

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COOPER & CONARD,

Ninth and Market Streets, Philadelphia, Pa.

Please say where you saw this advertisement.

Our Young Folks.

A BOY'S SACRIFICE.

BY C. H.

WHEN Frank Chase, a boy of seventeen, shipped aboard the frigate *Grim*, he fully resolved to allow no person to persuade him to break the rules of the vessel.

In due time the latter anchored off the harbor of Valparaiso, with the commodore's pennant at her main.

The crew of the third cutter, to which Frank belonged, were now informed that they would be allowed liberty to go ashore.

The purser soon came with his bag of silver, and distributed to each of the "go-ashores" the amount of a few shillings for spending money.

The shrill piping of the boatswain's call was then heard, followed by the welcome order, "Third cutter away!"

Midshipman Long, a youth who was to go in charge of them, could not resist the temptation, when seated in the sternsheets, of winking at his less fortunate shipmates who were to remain aboard, flinging back his head and opening his mouth in imitation of his boisterous laugh.

[illegible] young gentleman the engraved commodore has been a witness to this grave [illegible] and the poor boy appears ready to [illegible].

The old [illegible] something to the [illegible], the captain to the officer of the deck—Lieutenant Porter—and the latter sternly ordered Mr. Long on deck.

"Aloft there, at the masthead, and stay there till I tell you to come down!" was the mandate which followed.

The mid went aloft, feeling very savage, but reflecting with some satisfaction on a manœuvre which he had performed before leaving the boat.

This was nothing less than the slipping of a large empty bladder, which could have held two gallons of rum, into the pocket of Frank Chase, who, as stated, was one of the third cutter's crew, and who pulled the after oar.

No one had seen this secret movement on the part of Long except the coxswain, who winked at it.

Frank, not knowing what had been put into his pocket said nothing.

The smuggling of liquor aboard a man of war by the sailors, although against the rules and very risky work, is often attempted.

Mr. Long hoped to be able to induce the officer of the watch to detail him as one of the midshipmen to assist the master-at-arms in searching the third cutter's crew for concealed liquor, in which case he could easily have managed to pass Frank, and thus have secured his bladder of rum.

The boat, with another mid in place of Long, in the stern-sheets, left the frigate's side.

As Frank, with some of his shipmates, was walking toward the "Maintop"—a public house in the town—the coxswain whispered to him:

"It's all right.

"You had better have two quarts of rum put in that bladder.

"I'll say nothing about it."

"Bladder?"

"Ay, ay, lad, the bladder that Mr. Long slipped into your pocket.

"I saw it all," he added winking.

"I will buy no rum for him," answered Frank firmly.

"It is against the rules."

The coxswain, who seemed to think that [illegible] from fear of detection, endeavored to persuade him that there was no danger of discovery.

"I will do nothing against the rules!" persisted the boy.

And the coxswain was unable to change his resolution.

In due time the crew returned to the frigate.

The master-at-arms stood in the gangway and assisted by several mids, among whom was Mr. Long, searched the men for liquor as they came aboard, and several bottles of rum were found and confiscated.

When it was Frank's turn to be searched Mr. Long pushed briskly past the master-at-arms, and proceeded to feel about the clothing of the boy.

He frowned when he perceived by the touch that the bladder he had put in the lad's pocket was empty.

As he "passed" him he gave him a angry look, which Frank received with quiet dignity.

"I will be even with that fellow yet, thought Long.

For that moment he could devise no provocation for which he could punish him.

One evening, after the frigate had sailed from Valparaiso, Frank happened in the way as to hear the following conversation.

The coxswain had sent for the first time for months [illegible] by calling his head against the master-at-arms, and punishing him [illegible] that the latter could not [illegible].

"I will pay you back, for that, said Mr. Long.

"I shall report you.

"I don't care," answered Frank.

"Were the commodore himself to strike me I would strike him back, though I know I should die for it."

Mr. Long [illegible] that he would report Frank.

He was [illegible] that [illegible] of rank between a mid and the [illegible] would be dealt with [illegible] and [illegible] the first chance that offered.

A few weeks later the frigate lay becalmed off a small land, a mile distant, in mid ocean.

Frank and some of the other hands forward asked permission to go swimming, which was granted.

Presently Mr. Long came up from the berth-deck with a request that he and his messmates might also be allowed to go in to swim.

The officer of the deck passed the request through the captain to the commodore, whose consent was obtained.

The merry mids stripped to the waist were soon diving into the sea.

Noticing that Frank had struck out toward the isle, Mr. Long swam in the same direction.

Reaching the shore he found the lad resting in a shady place behind the shrubbery which obscured the view of the frigate.

"I want to fight you," said the mid promptly.

"I want my revenge for the push you gave me."

"It is against the rules," said Frank.

"Had we not better wait until I am discharged after my time is up?"

"No, if you refuse, I shall think you are a coward."

Thereupon as Frank was now on his feet, he struck him.

Frank quickly returned the blow.

He was strong and active, and so was Mr. Long.

The latter however although he fought courageously, was soon vanished.

After resting the two boys were ready to return to the frigate.

Frank fancied he saw signs of a coming squall to windward.

He remembered that the large empty bladder he had been unwilling to fill with rum for Mr. Long was still in his pocket, the mid having refused to take it back.

Thinking it would be of some assistance to him in case of a storm, he produced it, and having blown it full of wind, tied a lanyard about the end and secured it to a button.

Long had already started, but Frank soon overtook him, and the boys swam side by side.

They were not half way to the frigate when the squall came with great fury, driving their ship farther from them every moment.

As it was too rough for a boat to be lowered they gave themselves up for lost.

At last Mr. Long was thoroughly worn out.

He could not swim another stroke.

He must have given up and have gone down in the roaring waters had it not been for Frank, who now resolved, instead of using the bladder for his own benefit, to endeavor to save the life of his companion with it.

"Twist the piece of lanyard hanging from the end about your wrists and it will keep you up," he said as he passed to him the puffed-out skin, which looked like a small balloon.

Long, who was just ready to sink, complied, and the bladder buoyed him up; and means of it he was enabled to keep his head above the surface.

Meanwhile Frank, who was soon separated from the midshipman by the rushing seas, continued to struggle.

The squall was nearly over, and a boat was fast approaching, when the boy felt he could not hold out much longer.

His arms and lower limbs were nearly cramped with his exertions.

He went under, but by a desperate effort he rose, struggled a few minutes longer, then went down for a second time.

He contrived however to work himself up again, [illegible]

Frank was [illegible] to the [illegible], [illegible] arms and legs [illegible].

At last [illegible] the boat came [illegible] to the spot.

The coxswain thrust down his arm, caught the sinking lad by the hair, and [illegible] him into the stern sheets.

Mr. Long, still [illegible] to the bladder, was next taken in.

He warmly expressed his gratitude to Frank for his noble conduct.

"You have saved my life at the risk of your own.

"How can I ever repay you?"

"I simply did what I thought was right," said Frank.

"I am glad I had that bladder with me."

"And I too have reason to be glad now that you would not bring it to me with liquor in it.

"Had you done so I should have destroyed it after taking out the liquor.

"I am very glad I performed my duty," said Frank, "by refusing to bring you liquor, and am [illegible] that [illegible] right on that occasion [illegible] the means of my saving a human life.

Of course [illegible] of the boat, when the latter reached the frigate, was obliged to tell the story of the bladder.

Frank's good conduct excited the admiration of all on board, and Mr. Long, who was slightly related to the commodore, [illegible] also had other [illegible] powers, [illegible] himself so that [illegible] had a [illegible] without [illegible] for [illegible].

Frank [illegible] of the best [illegible] in the navy.

[illegible]

SOMEBODY.

BY L. H. W.

DINNER was over, and Nora Clyde was doing the week's baking in her Aunt Petersham's kitchen, where a mingled odor of spice and cinnamon filled the air, like a waft of fragrance from "Araby the blest!"

Nora made a charming picture as she sat, with her dimpled arms bare to the elbow, beating eggs for the sponge-cake, for she was pretty, with her fresh pink-and-white complexion, and hair like braided sunshine.

She had been picking gooseberries for the pies that day, and somebody had found that the grassy meadow which held the straggling gooseberry-patch was the very shortest road to his own home—somebody who had looked into Nora Clyde's liquid blue eyes and thought them the sweetest in the world.

"Nora!"

The Widow Petersham snapped out the word as if she were snapping off a thread with a pair of sharp scissors, and her black eyes sparkled ominously.

"Who was that walking across the meadow with you, and carrying the basket of gooseberries?"

Little Nora dropped her eyes and blushed till her cheeks rivalled the scarlet roses in the broken pitcher on the mantelpiece.

"It—it was Mr. Medoway, Aunt Debby."

"Mr. Medoway!"

Aunt Debby's temper was as sharp as pure vinegar, and Nora was chicken-hearted as a robin-redbreast, so she only sat still, blushing deeper than ever under her aunt's rebuke.

"And so, miss, you're a-setting your cap for the rich lawyer!

"A fine mistress you'd make for his grand house!"

"Oh, Aunt Debby!

"Indeed—indeed I never thought of such a thing!" sobbed poor Nora, mortified half to death by the accusation.

"Oh no—of course not!

"That isn't the first time I've seen you talking with him, either!" snapped the widow, angrily.

"He—he would talk to me, Aunt Debby," ventured Nora, unconsciously deepening her guilt by the innocent assertion.

"Would talk to you!

"Very well, miss.

"Then he won't talk to you again—on my premises, at least," declared the widow, setting her lips determinedly together. "For you may pack up your things at once, and go home to your mother."

Nora did her aunt's housework for the sum of two dollars a month: but small as the amount was she carried it home with a thankful heart to the tiny cottage where her mother and little sister lived alone.

And so little Nora started home with a sinking heart, for the loss of her situation was a serious consideration to her.

"That was a good idea," soliloquized the widow, surveying her well-preserved attractions in the little walnut-rimmed mirror, as she buttoned up the front of her black alpaca dress, and brushed the powder out of her eyebrows—"a good idea: for Lawyer Medoway is too good a catch for a little baby-faced chit like Nora.

"It'll be a lucky woman that gets him, and I'm going to be that woman myself, if there's any virtue in perseverance."

After parting with Nora, Lawyer Medoway walked home "with his head in the clouds," as Phœbe, his good-natured housekeeper, would have said.

"What a sweet, innocent face that girl has!" mused the world-weary lawyer, as he stood in his handsome sitting-room, with its velvet carpet and dark mahogany furniture.

"If she were only a few years older now, or I—but, pshaw!

"At thirty-eight a man ought to have done with love-dreams."

He sighed, however, as he leaned his arm on the marble mantelpiece and gazed at his own reflection in the polished French mirror on the velvet-papered wall.

He saw a dark, bearded face, with eyes of intense black.

"Handsome as a Spanish don!" an enthusiastic young lady had said of him; but Archer Medoway sighed heavily as he turned away.

"Too old," he said—"too old for pretty little Nora!

"If I were ten years younger, I would call at the Widow Petersham's to-day, and make desperate love to her pretty niece: but as it is—as it is," he continued, "I will go and carry a basket of those raspberries to Miss Nora's mother and sister Rose.

"Somehow, with her quiet, ladylike manners, Mrs. Clyde always reminds me of my own mother.

"At any rate, St. Paul exhorts us to 'visit the widow and the fatherless in their affliction,' so I will carry her the raspberries, and thus avoid the temptation of dropping in at the Widow Petersham's."

Nora Clyde had walked with slow footsteps and a heavy heart to her mother's cottage.

Such a tiny mite of a cottage it was, nestled under the protecting arms of a giant walnut tree.

There was a bit of a porch at the back, covered with a riotous growth of red roses, ablaze with crimson blossoms.

Nora stopped under the little porch.

How could she enter, like a naughty child who had been sent home, and tell them that the little pittance on which they depended for bread and other necessities was [illegible] more?

The childish [illegible] drooped despondingly, and both little hands were pressed over her eyes to crush back the tears.

"Nora—Nora, darling! what is it?"

And Archer Medoway held the little hands in his, and looked at the quivering red lips, with a great longing to kiss them.

"Aunt has sent me home; I've lost my [illegible]

"Nora, was it because I walked with you through the meadow to-day?" he asked eagerly.

She would not answer; but Archer Medoway knew that he was right.

"Nora, could you—could you love me enough to be my wife?" he asked, drawing her to him.

And there, under the roses, Archer Medoway won the answer that his heart had almost stopped beating to hear.

FAIRYLAND AND FAIRIES.—Chaucer places the realm of Faery underground with Pluto and Proserpine. In the old days of romance, knights found it in the ocean island of Avalon, where, stepping ashore in darkness from wreck to wreck, they entered the lighted castle, peopled by beautiful maidens and men transformed by enchantment. A little later, Drayton imagined it high in air, poised by magic midway between the earth and the moon, with an aerial route, via the moon, down to this world. His minute touch built up the palace with walls of defty mortised spiders' legs; and all its architectural arrangements, chiefly of insect material, were the strangest ever imagined:

> The windows, of the eyes of cats;
> And for the roof, instead of slate,
> Is covered with the skin [illegible]
> With moonshine that [illegible].

No doubt it was from such a palace, but with more of beauty and less of the grotesque in its furniture, that Hood's fairy, after two centuries and more, began to come down the moonbeam-path, bringing the dreams of little children. She uses the old road that Drayton found; but her lightness and brightness are beyond his fancy.

> A little Fairy comes at night;
> Her eyes are [illegible], her hair [illegible]
> With silver spots upon her wings,
> And from the moon she flutters down.

Drayton's courtiers and ladies of 'the Fairy court' were little creatures that could huddle together hide in an empty nut-shell; and littleness and lightness are by this time permanent attributes of the fairy creation. But in the early history of Fairyland, its people were of larger growth. In the old Gallic and Breton romances, they were merely men and women possessed of magical powers; and in Brittany—a country intimately connected with the rise of Fairyland—the fairies, that are supposed to haunt the landes and glide round the Druidic stones by night, are not tricksy elves, but tall maidens of more than mortal stature, willing to enchant and marry mortal men.

The poets and the children have always kept up this race of imaginary beings but from the maturer popular belief, they are fast fading away. Weakly and puny infants are no longer supposed to be fairy changelings, except in districts so remote that the newspapers cannot reach them.

A STORY WITH A MORAL.—A lion, who had lived for several years in a certain neighborhood and gained general respect for the manner in which he had conducted himself, was suddenly made the object of slanders and abuse. When he came to trace these stories back, he found that they had been started by a mouse. "Why have you slandered me?" demanded the lion. "Because the people will only accept me as a mouse," was the reply. "But am I to blame for that?" "Perhaps not; but why should you be a lion, able to strike down the ox, while I am but a puny mouse, able only to frighten women and children? What grieves me is the fact that nature made a mistake." "Very well," said the king of beasts, "you go forth and roar and kill, and I will become a mouse." The mouse stalked into the forest and began to growl and roar, but his efforts were received with laughter. After he had tried it again and again, the owl dropped down beside him and observed, "Instead of making me afraid, you only disturb my slumbers and annoy my friends. Come inside, out of the malaria."

Moral—The mouse who nibbles at crumbs is doing all that is expected of him. Secondly, he who looks for the mistakes of others simply shows the world his envious feelings.

HELIOGRAPHY.—An interesting experiment in heliography, or signaling by sunshine, was successfully made in Egypt during the recent campaign. Colonel Keyser ascended one of the pyramids near Cairo, and by means of a heliographic mirror reflected a ray of sunlight to Alexandria, 120 miles away. At that great distance the signals, [illegible] like pin-points of [illegible] were easily [illegible] to be a message from Sir Garnet Wolseley to the Khedive.

THE reason why some of the street-lamps burn all night is because the light is so small it is afraid to go out alone in the dark.

***Do not grasp at the shadow and lose the substance." Kidney-Wort is able to convert you from a shadow of your former self into the substance of established health. Said a sufferer from kidney trouble when [illegible] Kidney-Wort as a remedy, "I'll try it, but it will be my last [illegible]. It cured him and now he recommends it to all. If you have disordered kidneys don't fail to try it.

FAITH'S RECOMPENSE.

BY S. U. W.

I stood and watched my ships go out,
Each one by one, unmooring, free,
What time the quiet harbor filled
With flood-tide from the sea.

The first that sailed, her name was Joy;
She spread a smooth, white ample sail,
And eastward drove, with beading spars,
Before the singing gale.

The next that sailed, her name was Hope:
No cargo in her hold she bore,
Thinking to find in western lands
Of merchandize a store.

Another sailed, her name was Love;
She showed a red flag at the mast,
A flag as red as blood she showed,
And she sped south right fast.

The last that sailed, her name was Faith:
Slowly she took her passage forth;
Tacked, and lay too; at last she steered
A straight course for the north.

My gallant ships they sailed away,
Over the shimmering, summer sea;
I sat and watched for many a day,
But only one came back to me.

For Joy was caught by pirate Pain,
Hope ran upon a hidden reef,
And Love caught fire and foundered fast
In whelming seas of grief.

Faith came at last, storm-beat and torn
She recompensed me all my loss;
For as a cargo home she brought
A crown linked to a cross.

"BY CONTRACT."

As a specimen of the odd ways in which the mania for contract manifests itself, it may be mentioned that there are tailors who contract at a moderate fixed tariff for clothes to be used only for a stipulated time and then returned. Four times a year, or oftener if you like to pay more, a box arrives at your address containing the suit adapted for the particular season perfect in fit, perfect in fashion. In the same box you return the clothes just worn.

Again, the glittering equipages dashing by the modest pedestrian, and bestowing upon him arrogantly-flung mud, are not always owned by the supercilious persons lolling at ease. Sometimes the modest coachman is the proprietor of all the modest bravery.

The contracting job-master is indeed one of the wonderful race who diminish the friction of society by making things easy. His enterprise gives brilliance to the parks, in prancing steeds, gorgeous coaches, elegant phaetons, and all the items of equine and vehicular movement. He is ready to make a contract for carrying the whole of the beau-monde on undeniably favorable terms, and also to supply it with retinues worthy of a prince. He is capable of humble services equally with the grandest. He will furnish an undemonstrative Quaker with the most homely of carriages, horsed by the mildest thing on four legs, and driven by a man whose solemnity of aspect, taciturnity, and disrelish for intoxicants add a finish to the turn-out really beyond compare.

The Metropolitan stable-keeper is only one of the numerous contractors for the use of horse-flesh. Hundreds of gentlemen have their stables furnished at so much a year. Those who have had much to do with horses, know the risks and annoyances connected with purchase and sale. In spite of "warrants," veterinary surgeons, subtle grooms, and the whole preservative host surrounding the buyer, he may spend five hundred dollars upon an animal that is not worth half of that sum when it comes to be employed. The horse-contractor abolishes all the claims besetting an owner, and leaves us free to enjoy our gallops, drives, and pageantry without a trace of equine care. Further, a contractor can supply the most perfect matches for "pairs," in color, style and action. His guarantee for the temper, pace, and performance of saddle-horses may be accepted, so that a timid or awkward rider can enjoy equestrian exercise without fear. But not the least advantage of hired horses is that no capital is locked up by the hirer in a dubious investment.

Another useful contractor is appearing upon the scene—the family physician, who for a fixed stipend visits the household at stated intervals. Daily, bi-weekly, or weekly, a medical guardian will attend us, not simply to cure our fleshly ills, but to prevent them altogether. Many people now make yearly contracts with their dentist.

Some hotel-keepers and restaurateurs are beginning to contract for the supply of a certain number of meals, the tariff varying with the quantity. For instance, one can have twenty dinners for so much, fifty for proportionately less, and be dined every day in the year for proportionately less still.

This system is much in vogue in France; and its advantages are so obvious to hosts and guests, that it should be successful in all commercial towns.

In London and other large cities of England there are gardners and florists who contract for the supply of plants and flowers for the year round or for the season. By their aid, and at small expense, the house and garden-plot can be made charming with all that the floral world can afford. Nor need we ever want a piano or fail to have our drawing-rooms resplendent, our dining-rooms fairy-like, the family gratified, and guests delighted, for a comparatively small charge.

Some people have a fancy for changing their household furniture, and love to follow fashion in upholstery as they do in clothes. They have created a number of contractors to minister to their desires. At no great cost, boudoirs and reception-rooms can be furnished with the last thing in chairs, couches, cabinets, mirrors, ornaments, and the whole detail of things useful and otherwise.

Grains of Gold.

Win golden opinions by acting out your professions.

Thought is valuable property to him who understands its use.

Be on your guard against rushing from one fault to another.

Wise men exhibit wisdom by considering the mistakes of fools.

If one live not according to his knowledge, life is of no avail.

In success there is contentment, and in contentment happiness.

Indulge in reasonable argument; seek not to win by foolish palaver.

Strive to win the approbation of men by a consistent course of action.

Shun every appearance of deception. True merit is ever found in honesty.

Beware what you say to others, because you only reveal yourself thereby.

Avoid procrastination. There is no time like the present in which to labor.

The future may be made secure by embracing the opportunity of the present.

Diligence, combined with an understanding of your profession, will bring reward.

To be true to your word is the noblest tribute you can gain from a fault-finding world.

Represent faithfully your claims to patronage, and study the necessities of your customers.

There are none so low but what they have their triumphs. Small successes suffice for small souls.

It is in general more profitable to reckon up our defects than to boast of our attainments.

The silence that accepts merit as the most natural thing in the world is the highest applause.

There is no more commendable trait than the firm determination to persevere in the right direction.

Danger continually lurks in the liar's path, which, if not abandoned, surely leads to destruction.

Be independent as far as man can be if you would honor yourself; or be honored by others, or be happy.

You must have confidence in your ability to serve the public, if you desire to contribute to their wants.

Exact nothing beyond your just dues; exorbitant claims engender distrust, and bar the way to advancement.

Many a genius has been slow of growth. Oaks that flourish for 1,000 years do not spring up in beauty like a reed.

Live according to your light, and seek not to diminish the reputation of others in order to increase your own.

Think of the fearful uncertainty which hangs over your future course in life. Resolve now, determine now, act now.

Have compassion for the distresses and failures of others; you can not yet determine what your own future will be.

A man's chief concern should be to avoid the reproaches of his own conscience; his next to elude the condemnation of his fellows.

We all dread a bodily paralysis, and would make use of every contrivance to avoid it, but few of us are troubled about a paralysis of the soul.

Choose for your friend him that is wise and good, and secret and just, ingenious and honest, and in those things which have a latitude use your own liberty.

Men speak too much about the world. Each one of us here, let the world go how it will, and be victorious or not victorious, has he not a life of his own to lead? The world's being saved will not save us. We should look to ourselves.

Those who have nothing else to commend them to the respect of others but only their blood, cry it up at a great rate, and have their mouths perpetually full of it. They swell and vapor, and you are sure to hear of their families and relations every third word.

Femininities.

"Deliriously wild" is the latest equivalent to "perfectly lovely" in the female vocabulary.

Nineteen women of Douglass, Mass., have asked to be assessed, so as to vote for school committees.

A Vermont judge sentenced and fined a young lady in that State for receiving stolen kisses, on the principle that "the partaker is as bad as the thief."

A witty gentleman, who is also a great dancer, told a friend that he had danced five hundred miles with one of his fair partners in the course of the Newport season this year.

A few moments spent each morning in planning the work for the day, will materially assist the mistress of the family in the more satisfactory performance of her duties.

Said a loving wife to her husband: "Do you know, dear, that butterfly ornaments are very fashionable?" "Perhaps so," he growled: "but grub is the great desideratum."

A large force of Mennonite girls are employed in the broom corn fields of Harvey county, Kansas. Last year there were a number of large forces at the same work, and the girls appeared to like it.

The women of Norway, while driving their pigs to market on a very hot day, will protect them with umbrellas. In that country the whip, in driving, is only an ornament, and bearing reins are unknown.

There is a law among the Omaha Indians relating to widows, that is more terrible than the inquisition of ancient times, with all its diabolical tortures. The widows must wait four years before re-marrying.

She accepted the proffered seat in the car, but she did it with such an air that she left him sheepishly asking himself if he had not made a blunder, and wondering whether he would ever be fool enough to do the like again.

A Boston clergyman's wife being overcharged by a Buffalo hackman for the trip between two railroad stations, had him arrested, appeared against him, saw him fined $12.50, and got back in time to take her train.

A recent writer on social science, in explaining why women criminals do not betray their characters in their faces so readily as men do, says that their misdemeanors require greater strength of mind than of physical strength.

The latest free-thinking crank is a woman, who is now lecturing against all churches and creeds in this State, and threatens Washington with a visit. She believes that all religions should be abolished, and is of the opinion that their abolition would purify the world.

The fellows snap up the girls quick out in Michigan. Nearly one-third of the women married in Gratiot county, that State, last year, were under eighteen years of age; and nineteen were sixteen years old, four were fifteen, two were fourteen, and one only thirteen.

"Doctor, is there any hope for me?" asked the sick man, feebly. "You'll be well in six weeks." "One more favor, doctor. Will you bear a message to my lawyer?" "Certainly. What is it?" "Tell him not to delay preparing the papers in that divorce suit an hour."

In the German military manœuvres this year, the Crown Princess rode at the head of the regiment of Hussars of which she is honorary Colonel. She wore the regulation uniform, except that a skirt took the place of trousers, and instead of a sword she carried a riding-whip sword-wise.

Forewomen in Toronto shoe factories have peculiar methods of punishing girls who are employed under them. Either a strap is used to effectively chastise the girl, or the wrists are tied together and the victim pulled up by a cord attached to the hands and run over fastened to the ceiling above.

A Wisconsin woman, who twenty years ago captured another girl's lover and married him, and is now a rich and childless widow, has spent time and money without stint in hunting up her unfortunate old rival, and should she find the lady will give her $100,000. Apparently the man in the case made a good husband.

A Cincinnati paper says that "according to the prevailing ideas among certain congregations, a clergyman's wife should not only be an angel of light, but a home missionary on wheels and a target for all the long-tongued gossips in the community." If this was given for a local hit, it may be extended for general application.

"I do," said a young man at a Colorado wedding, when the minister asked if anybody knew any reason why the couple should not be united. The objector explained that the bride had promised to marry him; but that was not considered a sufficient reason for stopping the ceremony, which was concluded amid the tittering of the assemblage.

A lady who has devoted much attention to such matters, says that when a girl goes to bed she looks in the closet, lifts up every shoe to peep beneath it, feels under the bed, puts out the gas, makes a flying leap for the middle of the bed, pops her head under the bed-clothes, listens to her heart beat from fright for half an hour, then sinks into the sweet sleep of innocence.

"Isn't it awful hot?" "No, my son, it is intensely warm. 'Awful hot' is a vulgar expression which I hope you will never use again." The young man seemed a little cast down at first by this reply; but, coming of a plucky stock, he recovered himself quickly, and said: "Anyhow, I've heard dad use it, after a private conversation with you, more times than I can count."

When a young man kisses his girl good-night about 1.30 A. M., he may have nearly a mile to walk before reaching his home, and he envies the girl, who, he supposes, jumps into bed and is fast asleep ten minutes after he leaves the house. He doesn't know that she must first fish seventy-nine hair-pins out of her head, one at a time, and twist her hair up into bits of paper so that it will crimp nicely next day, and that he is in bed snoring before she turns off the gas. If he was aware of this fact, perhaps he would leave earlier.

News Notes.

Silk braid is used to trim dresses and wraps.

Some of the new velvets have a polka dot design.

Lightning set on fire two wheat fields in California.

Kissimee is the name of a thriving town in Florida.

500,000 acres of land in Texas were sold for $500,000.

A young lady of Brownsville, this State, weighs 430 pounds.

Twenty-one postoffice towns in the U. S. bear the name of Garfield.

All the shades in dress goods this season are decidedly gay, or very sombre.

The people of the United States consume over 180,000 tons of coffee annually.

In New York the number of saloons licensed up to last April is near 10,000.

Tommy Williams, of Battle Creek, Mich., blew his nose off with a fire-cracker.

Steel ear-drops are worn with the steel buckle and trimmings now so popular.

There has been a terrible snow storm in the Sierras, and flocks and herds are buried three feet deep.

It is estimated that the reduction in the public debt for the month of October is about $15,250,000.

The lumber industry of the United States employs 90,000 men in saw-mills, and 125,000 in the woods.

A suit to interdict Sunday railroad trains is occupying the attention of the Canadian courts at present.

A thoroughbred riding horse was the Queen's wedding present to the Duke of Westminster.

For the first time in ninety-three years a baby has been born on the Chillington estates in England.

An Ontario farmer, Nathan Briscoe, died in fifteen minutes from the effect of a bee sting on the forehead.

The Sandwich Islands export more in proportion to its population than any other country in the world.

Sportsmen from the United States are made to pay a license of $20 for the privilege of shooting in Canada.

A book has just been issued in Vermont, entitled, "The Resurrection of Christ from a Lawyer's Standpoint."

"One country, one starry banner, and one wife," is the platform of an editor whose field adjoins Mormondom.

The property of this city is valued at $371,485,268. This is less than one-half the assessed value of New York city.

The Munich Electrical Exposition worked a plough by means of electricity, the current being transmitted about 40 miles.

There is great excitement in North Carolina over the appearance of a wild woman, who has a mania for stealing babies for food.

A New York dealer advertises in a sporting paper: "Flies, reels, rods, tobacco, whisky and all other requirements for fishermen."

The rag business in New York has assumed enormous proportions. It amounts to $30,000,000 per annum. There are 2,000 rag-pickers in the city.

A young man in Toronto, Canada, who took a pledge not to drink at a public bar, has his liquor sent out to him, and drinks it standing on the sidewalk.

It is fast becoming the fashion to give all large private banquets and receptions at a hotel, thus sparing the home devastation, and host and hostess much worry.

A passenger in a Boston street car pulled a vest button off the conductor, and was surprised to hear a bell ring. A new device for stealing fares was thus discovered.

The Epworth Independent Methodist Church of Baltimore is to be re-seated throughout, theatre fashion, with folding chairs. Under each chair is a hat-rack.

In the Island of Sitka, on the north-west coast of America, there were no less than one hundred and twenty-eight days of uninterrupted rain and snow during 1881.

A negro boy of Monroe, Georgia, was thrown from the top of a moving railroad car. Having a cotton hook in his hand, he caught it in some projection on the side of the car, and hung there till rescued.

A dog belonging to the Monongahela House, Pittsburg, had its leg broken. After meditating, apparently, for a time, it ran to the river, and, deliberately diving into the water, was drowned.

A Chinese coin 3,000 years old has been found by gold miners digging in a claim at Chester, British Columbia. It is supposed to have been left there by Chinese mariners wrecked on the coast before the Christian era.

A Berks county woman who had no faith in banks, secreted $1,500 in greenbacks under the carpet some weeks ago for safe keeping. On going to look for her treasure a few days since it was missing, and a search revealed a mouse's nest in one corner of the room, made entirely of mutilated fragments of the currency.

Some idea may be gained of the enormous business done by the celebrated house of D. F. Beatty, of Washington, N. J., from the fact that in October alone he shipped to customers the immense number of 1,235 organs and pianos. It is doubtful if anything like this has ever happened with any manufactory of the kind in the world.

"Presenting the Bride" Heard From

Port Oxford, Oregon, August 29, '82.

Editor Post—I received the picture, "Presenting the Bride," in due time, and all who have seen it are delighted with it. You may look for some subscribers from me shortly, as many of my friends expressed a desire to subscribe, and how could they feel otherwise, with such a paper, and such a premium?

J. W. C.

Oquawka, Ill., August 22, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—The picture, "Presenting the Bride," has come to hand, and in good condition. I am much pleased with it, indeed. I have shown it to some of my neighbors, and they all unite with me in voting it beautiful. Will send you some subscribers soon.

H. R. C.

Missentown, D. C., August 12, '82.

Editor Post—The picture premium, "Presenting the Bride," received. It is beautiful, and I am very much pleased with it. All who have seen the picture think it is just superb. Expect to get you numerous subscribers in a few days.

K. L. O'N.

Clinton, Ia., August 30, '82.

Editor Post—Your premium, "Presenting the Bride," came to hand all right. I cannot find language to express my thanks to you for the beautiful premium. I have received many premiums, but yours leads them all. Will send some subscriptions soon.

M. C.

Stratford, August 24, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—I received the beautiful picture, "Presenting the Bride," in due time, and am very much pleased with it. It is far ahead of my most sanguine expectations. Shall see what I can do for you in the way of subscribers.

W. H. H.

Chehalis, Wash. Ter., August 13, '82.

Editor Post—Have received my picture, "Presenting the Bride," and was surprised at its marvelous beauty. I am well pleased with it. I have shown it to several of my friends, and all say it is the handsomest and most valuable premium they ever saw.

A. M.

Pearsal, Tex., August 12, '82.

Editors Post—I received my premium for The Post, for which accept thanks. It is the most beautiful premium I ever saw.

U. S. F.

Chattanooga, August 17, '82.

Editor Post—I received your premium picture yesterday all sound, and am very much pleased with it. It is far ahead of the premiums usually offered by newspapers, and certainly ought to bring you many subscribers. Am quite proud of it.

W. E. R.

Verndale, Minn., August 12, '82.

Editor Post—I received my Photo-Oleograph, "Presenting the Bride," and think it very beautiful. Had it framed and hung up two hours after the arrival. It is admired by everybody.

F. E. B.

Jamestown, Ind., August 18, '82.

Editor Post—I received my premium last night, and think it very beautiful. I will with pleasure aid you in raising your subscription list, and I think I can get a great many subscribers for you.

I. F. D.

Peconic, La., August 18, '82.

Editor Post—The premium picture, "Presenting the Bride" received, and I consider it grand. I have shown it to several of my friends, and each and every one of them pronounce it beautiful.

O. G. P.

Berlinton, Ind., August 16, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—My beautiful premium Photo-Oleograph, "Presenting the Bride," came duly to hand, and it is even better than you claimed it to be. I will see what I can do for you in the way of new subscribers.

G. W. H.

Makand, Pa., August 17, '82.

Editor Post—I have received premium, "Presenting the Bride." It far surpasses my most sanguine expectations—perfectly lovely! Will get some subscribers for you.

I. L.

York, Pa., August 14, '82.

Editor Post—"Presenting the Bride" was delivered to me yesterday, and am highly pleased with it. We consider it a gem. Have given it a conspicuous place in our gallery for the inspection of our friends.

J. W. S.

Leesburgh, Kans., August 12, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Paper and premium received. THE POST is a splendid literary journal. And the picture is very handsome. Am greatly pleased with it. Everyone who has seen the picture considers it grand.

G. G.

Columbiaville, Mich, August 12, '82.

Editor Post—Your premium, "Presenting the Bride," is indeed a beautiful gift of art, and cannot fail to please the most fastidious. Many thanks.

F. S. M.

Belvidere, Pa., August 18, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Your magnificent premium picture, "Presenting the Bride," at hand, and think it very beautiful. I am greatly pleased with it, and thank you very much for such a beautiful present. I have shown it to quite a number of people, and they all say it is the prettiest and richest premium they have ever had the pleasure of beholding. Will do all that lies in my power to increase your subscription list.

W. F. S.

Mount Pleasant, August 21, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Your premium picture, "Presenting the Bride," was duly received, and am more than pleased with it. It is by far the handsomest picture I ever saw.

G. L.

Facetiæ.

Talk about the doubtful voter; he's a gentleman compared to the doubtful oyster.

As soon as an extra blanket is placed at the foot of a man's bed, it becomes so warm that he has to close the shutters for fear of being sunstruck. It is only when he has insufficient covering that the air is frigid.

The latest libel about the new comet is that it is one of the bald-headed kind, and is hurrying up toward the sun to get a front seat, where it can have a good look at the transit of Venus.

"Sweet sixteen" is all bosh when referring to a girl. At that age she is the crossest and most impudent of any period of her life, being too old to spank and not old enough to box her mother.

"I declare!" exclaimed Miss Tidinice, "I never saw a gal like our Sarah Jane. I worked consumed two hull days on her new bathin' dress, and don't you think, she got it wringin' wet the fust time she put it on?"

There is a law in Denmark compelling liquor dealers to send home their drunken customers in carriages. Were a similar law in operation in this city, the streets would have the appearance of one eternal funeral procession.

All the new California millionaires are in Europe laying in their stock of old masters, and Murillo and Michael Angelo, and the Raphael Chromo Works in Rome, are running night and day with extra hands on oils and canvas.

"Rough on Rats." Clears out rats, mice, flies, roaches, bed-bugs, ants, vermin, chipmunks. 15cts.

A daily paper has been started in China. As soon as coal-oil and the American mowing-machine were introduced into that country, accidents accumulated so rapidly that a daily newspaper was necessary to keep up with them.

"Mother Swan's Worm Syrup" for feverishness, restlessness, worms, constipation, tasteless. 25c.

The meanest kind of a mean man is the man who, seeing another lying in a hammock, howls, "dog fight," so that he may see the victim try to get out of the hammock quickly, and get slung two or three somersaults, with mud in his mouth.

"Buchupaiba."—Quick, complete cure, all annoying Kidney Diseases $1.

Mrs. Grundy says it is vulgar to wear diamonds at breakfast. Speaking from experience, we can testify that we have found it more comfortable to wear a tenderloin steak, trimmed with mushrooms, garnished with fried potatoes, and worn tow-waisted.

A Holiday Present.

Daniel F. Beatty, Mayor of Washington, will ship 1500 Organs and Pianofortes this month. He is running his large factory at Washington, New Jersey, night and day, in order to meet the demand for Holiday Presents. Read his advertisements in this issue, and send for his Illustrated Catalogue.

Hughes' Corn and Bunion Plasters

Give *Instant Relief* and effect a *CURE*. (They are not pads to relieve the pressure.) Each 25 cents per box; 12 Corn or 6 Bunion in each box. Sent by mail on receipt of price. C. G. HUGHES Druggist, 8th and Race Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

Superfluous Hair.

Madame Wambold's Specific permanently removes Superfluous Hair without injuring the skin. Send for circular. Madame WAMBOLD, 34 Sawyer Street, Boston, Mass.

Old Gold Bought.—Silver and Platinum of all kinds. Full value paid. J. L. Clark, Reliable Refiner of all Residues containing gold or silver. 823 Filbert St., Philadelphia, Pa. Send by mail or express. Mention THE POST.

☞ When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.

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SPECIAL POST FACILITIES FOR OUT-OF-TOWN RESIDENTS.

The mode of ordering by mail is now adopted by thousands, and owing to the efficiency of our

Mail Order Department,

we are enabled to supply all demands for *SAMPLES* or *GOODS*. Those once adopting this system of purchasing will see the immense advantages it offers, and continue to use it in preference to buying from limited assortments.

SNODGRASS, MURRAY & CO., CLOTHS

For LADIES', MEN'S, and BOYS' WEAR, MARKET & NINTH STS., PHILADELPHIA.

YOUR NAME — In Elegant Script Type, on 10 beautiful imported chromo cards, 10c. 14 pks. $1. 20 pearl bevel gilt-edged cards with lapped corners, 10c. Agents' large album containing all the latest styles of imported bevel edge and satin fringe cards, with Illustrated premium list & private terms to agents, 25c. CARD MILLS, Northford, Conn. — CARDS

CATARRH.

A NEW TREATMENT WHEREBY A PERMANENT cure is effected in from one to three treatments. Particulars and treatise free on receipt of stamp. A. H. DIXON, 305 King street West, Toronto, Canada.

BEATTY'S Organs 27 stops, $125. Pianos, $237.50. Factory running day & night. Catalogue free. Address DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, N.J.

10 cts. PAYS for the Largest Best Literary Journal 4 mos. containing like it. Large 8 Page, 40 Column, Home Paper. Can't be equalled for Stories, Sketches, Poems, Wit, Humor, and Fun. Splendid Stories, Sketches, Poems, Wit, Humor, and Fun. Splendid Stories, Sketches, Poems, Wit, Humor, and Fun. SPECIMEN FREE. SEND NOW. Address, Ramsey, Minneapolis, Minn.

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HAS BEEN PROVED The SUREST CURE for KIDNEY DISEASES.

Does a lame back or disordered urine indicate that you are a victim? THEN DO NOT HESITATE; use Kidney-Wort at once, (druggists recommend it) and it will speedily overcome the disease and restore healthy action.

Ladies. For complaints peculiar to your sex, such as pain and weaknesses, Kidney-Wort is unsurpassed, as it will act promptly and safely.

Either Sex. Incontinence, retention of urine, brick dust or ropy deposits, and dull dragging pains, all speedily yield to its curative power.

☞ SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS. Price $1.

Acts at the Same Time on Kidneys, Liver and Bowels.

KIDNEY-WORT

PENSIONS for Soldiers, Widows, Parent and Children. Any disease, wound or injury entitles. Millions appropriated and worthing force doubled. Prompt work and homes made happy. Fee $10. Apply now. Widows, re-married, now entitled during widowhood. Great success in INCREASE cases. BOUNTY and Back Pay and Discharges procured. *Deserters* entitled to all dues under new laws. PATENTS for Inventors. *Land Warrants* procured, bought and sold. The "WORLD & SOLDIER," (weekly paper). Sample copy free. Send stamp for full instructions, blanks & bounty table. N. W. FITZGERALD & CO., Pension, Patent & Land Att'ys, Washington, D. C.

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SPOTTED PONIES! For Sale! Arabian, Shetland and ZACATECAS breeds of all colors and sizes, PERFECT PETS and LITTLE BEAUTIES. Largest and finest herd of the kind in America. Wanted, men to sell them throughout the North; will pay salary or commission; can furnish sample pairs to sell by. For terms and illustrated group of Spotted Ponies, address, with two 3c. stamps, "MANAGER," DON CARLOS HORSE RANCH, Leon Springs, Bexar Co., Texas.

Elegant Holiday Present! *a gilt bound* Autograph Album, *Selections of albums quotations and a set of elegant* Sample Cards, *all* 15c. *by mail*; 40 Superb Chromo Cards, *Moss Roses, Lilies, Ferns, Hands and Mottoes, no two alike, with your name on each in fancy Script type.* 10c. Agents' Sample Book, *containing* all *of our styles* 35c.; *no* Card Agent *should be without one of them. Our styles of* Bevel Edge Imported Embossed Holiday and Satin Fringe *cards cannot be beat.* Card Agents wanted, *to whom we offer* large *commissions and elegant premiums. Address all orders plainly. West Haven Card Works, West Haven, Ct.*

A BEAUTIFUL PORTRAIT of any size made from a Common Photograph or any other kind of small picture. We will send full descriptions, price, etc., to any reliable man or woman who will act as our agents. To such a party we offer a permanent and profitable business of the highest respectability. Photo-Copying agents should address us by letter, stating experience, quality of work they handle, and prices paid. THE AUBURN COPYING CO., 85 and 87 Genesee St. Auburn, N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE to sell the best Family Knitting Machine ever invented. Will knit a pair of stockings with HEEL and TOE complete, in 30 minutes. It will also knit a great variety of fancy-work for which there is always a ready market. Send for circular and terms to the Twombly Knitting Machine Co., 163 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.

A HARVEST FOR AGENTS. Choice Oleograph of Garfield Family on receipt of 50 cents. Do not fail to order. Also 35x42 Oleograph 12 for 20cts. National Chromo Co., 927 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

A RICH NEW BOOK. "CURIOSITIES OF THE BIBLE." Also "WHAT WOMEN SHOULD KNOW." Most liberal terms to active agents. FIRESIDE PUB. CO., P. O. Box 65. 20 N. 7th St., Philada., Pa.

AGENTS WANTED to sell the "WONDER OF THE WORLD," 1,000 Illustrations. A. GORTON & CO., Publishers, 9th St., below Walnut, Philadelphia, Pa.

Ag'ts Wanted Sells Rapidly. Particulars free C 4S 50 S. M. Spencer, 112 Wash'n St. Boston, Mass.

AGENTS can make money selling our Family Medicines. No capital required. Standard Cure Co., 197 Pearl Street, New York.

25 Heavy Gold-Edge Cards, name on 10c. Samples, 6c. CARD WORKS, Solerville, N. Y.

Two Photos of Female Beauties, 10c. *Illustrated Catalogue free!* J. Dietz, Box 3, Reading, Pa.

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SURE CURE

For Dyspepsia or Indigestion, Heartburn, Nausea, Sour Stomach, Fetid or Foul Breath, Constipation, Sick Headache, Bilious Vomiting, Vertigo, Loss of Appetite, Flatulence with frequent Belching of Wind, Oppression after Eating, Burning Sensation at the Pit of the Stomach, and all ills which drive many to despair, arising from Dyspepsia or Indigestion.

The action of these Powders is directly upon the food during the process of digestion, absorbing gases, neutralizing acid, and correcting acid secretions, promoting digestion, improving the appetite, and giving tone and vigor to the entire system.

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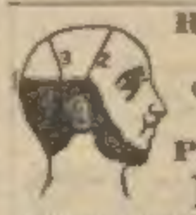

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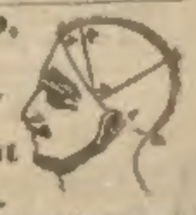

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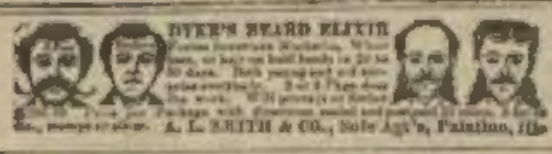

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Ladies' Department.

FASHION CHAT.

MANTLES are to be large and of rich materials, and many are sufficiently long to conceal the dress beneath.

They follow the contour of the wearer's figure more closely than last winter, and yet they are cut with large tournures in view.

Considerable ingenuity is noticeable in respect to this combination of dress improvers and slenderness; some mantles have the centre seam left open to within two inches below the waist at the back; others have a wide double box-plait in the centre; and two box-plaits left round and not flat-pressed, are to be seen below the waist-line of other mantles.

Dolman effects are aimed at in the sleeves also square-elbow sleeves that appear to be abruptly folded upwards from the waist. Of Ottoman silks, velvets, matelasses, and brocades, mention already been made.

With respect to winter mantles; the newest fabric that has appeared is Ottoman plush, both in dark seal-brown and black. This rich material has a corded ground, and on it are plush figures of close thick pile representing detached flowers and leaves. It is trimmed with chenille fringes and ruches, which match not only the color of the plush but the design upon it, and there is no doubt but that chenille harmonises well with plush.

But feathers and fur sometimes take its place, and black beaver fur is to be seen on black repped plush manties.

The linings are most gay. Plush lining of rich color is used for plush manties, but it is too heavy for the purpose.

Painted satin is better, and is quite novel for cloak linings.

It is also beautiful, for the roses, dahlias, leaves, etc., scattered over its cream, red, blue, or olive ground look as though they were hand-painted.

Quilted satin is sometimes still selected for cloak linings, but no longer in cream or black, but in such colors as strawberry-red, shrimp-pink, nasturtium, orange, or some dull green shade.

Some exquisite visiting and driving dresses are made of Judic-blue faille, trimmed with rich scabious passementerie, the overskirts being very pretty.

The carriage cloaks for evening wear are splendid; take two examples—the first of dark red plush, bordered with chinchilla; the second brown Ottoman plush in front, and Russian sable at the back, the lining capucine plush.

Polisses are to be worn, made in either cloth or velvet; and the trimmings will be fur, or elaborate braiding.

The models from Paris are rather for present wear, and are of Ottoman silk with incised satin figures, trimmed with Spanish lace, lined with straw-berry-red satin, and fastened with large flat jet buttons.

Another is of plain black satin, trimmed with chenille passementerie that looks like embroidery, and edged with fluffy chenille fringe, headed by a row of the sleek chenille dignified with the name of "rat's tail."

The newest cloth cloaks from Paris are of repped cloth, which is tufted on the wrong side; they are made with a velvet or satin waistcoat, extending the length of the front, and are trimmed with about fifty rows of soutache, sewn on with the edges touching, and this forms a solid border, that has the effect of a wide braid.

In form they are very similar to the cloaks worn last year, and it would be easy to modernize one of the latter, by changing the trimming, for which there are now so many facilities.

The large passementerie leaves, made of braid, are easily sewn on, so are the velvet appliques, ribbed plush being used for collar, waistcoat, and border.

Indeed, never were trimmings more abundant for both dresses and mantles, nor so handy, for they are sold ready made, and require only stitching on.

The new passementeries have exactly the effect of braiding: they are made of mohair or silk braid, used with an edge upwards ("knife edge," in technical parlance), and formed into wheels, stars, leaves, and other familiar patterns, as well as into more ambitious geometrical and architectural designs.

They are sold in widths ranging from two inches to half a yard, the former for edging collar and cuffs, the latter for the skirt. A handsomer variety is made of satin cord, softly stuffed and pliable.

The soutache sets, for ornamenting bodice, jackets, and sleeves, are most popular.

Chenille plays a most important role in trimmings this season; it appears in loops, rings, balls, and drops in the new passementeries just described, and in the fringes both in thin and thick strands, and also in twisted like cords; the netted chenille tabliers, studded with jet, are rich-looking, as are the rolling collars, made of the same material.

A still handsomer trimming, however, is silk embroidered velvet in open designs, and sold in widths, commencing at three inches.

The lower edge is scolloped, the upper edge, where it is sewn on, is plain. The feather trimmings would require a chapter to themselves; cocks' plumes, marabouts, and all sorts of domestic fowls, lend their plumage to the manufacture of trimmings, and to the ornamentation of bonnets and muffs.

The newest muffs have half a pheasant or a bird of paradise in the centre.

There is great variety in buttons, although they are not conspicuous ornaments this season.

For indoor dresses, small ball-shaped crocheted buttons, or woolen moulds covered with velvet, are used. For outdoor garments there are large buttons, that look like tortoiseshell, but are really made of horn; there are flat buttons of colored metal; and there are combinations of metal and pearl in tints like colored silver.

The new material for brides' dresses is repped satin—lustrous satin, woven with flat cords or reps from selvedge to selvedge. It calls to mind Radzimir and cotele, or ribbed satin, but is known as "Ottoman reps."

Ivory-white in color, alike on both sides both as regards the reps, and the lustre, it is a handsome material; but cream satin still obtains sometimes with pearl-beaded tulle, and sometimes with those remarkable brocades, which have large detached flowers, etc., on velvet of the thickest pile.

The flower trimming is not now limited to orange blossoms, but the French fashion is obtaining of wearing white lilac, clematis, spires, and white roses as well.

Lace flowers are a novelty in Paris for brides; every petal of roses or lilac is made of modern, inexpensive Mechlin, mounted on natural flexible stems, with velvet leaves exquisitely shaded and veined with gold. Flower fans are now carried in preference to bouquets.

In bridesmaids' attire there is a decided change, in fact there are some fashionable weddings where the usual bevy of maidens, ranging from two to twelve in number, are left out altogether.

An innovation in bridesmaids' costumes is that of dressing them in four different colors instead of all alike.

There are comparatively few who can follow their fancies in regard to dress without giving some thought to the cost; but to the ordinary lady, time given to this subject is by no means thrown away.

In the first place, to make up one's mind what is needed for each, and what means are at hand for the purpose of providing the same, probably is the best starting point, and will undoubtedly suggest itself.

Next the pattern should receive attention being careful to take into consideration the size and figure.

Another thing to be thought of as regards a pattern is, whether it will look well in the material to be selected.

Many pretty designs are suitable for silks, satins, and the like, which are not quite adapted to the soft woolen goods which cling closer to the form.

In materials for this season we have great variety to choose from. Embroidery on the material, and garniture of velvet to match the latter being of a medium pile.

A special fancy in woolen is cloth or cheviot, embroidered with soutache, a narrow braid, which, instead of being used as formerly, is set on edge: black is to be seen on all dark colors, but the lighter new shades, have little or no contrast.

Applique, in arabesques of cloth, velvet, or plush, edged by soutache, sewed on flat, is another pretty design, and for a young lady fond of fancy work will furnish useful amusement.

Ottoman velors and Empress cloth are again revived. Black alpaca, with a softer finish, and its old lustre, are also in favor; while cashmere and chuddah cloths are still desirable.

In fancy goods, we find some of such startling contrasts that we feel tempted to turn aside while they pass, and yet as they are never used for the whole costume, one soon becomes accustomed to their rich colors.

Fireside Chat.

RECEIPTS.

TO BOIL A HAM.—Brush the ham thoroughly with a dry brush, removing every particle of dust or mold. Soak for an hour in cold water, and then wash thoroughly. With a very sharp knife, shave off cleanly the hardened surface from the face and butt of the ham.

Put it over the fire in cold water, and let it come to a moderate boil, and keep it steadily at this point, allowing it to cook twenty minutes for every pound of meat. A ham weighing twelve pounds will need to boil for four hours. This time should never be cut short. Most cooks serve boiled ham underdone.

If the ham is to be sent to the table hot, remove the skin, which will readily peel off when boiled as directed. Dish with the fat side up, upon which dredge black pepper, in spots. Stick in also whole cloves and bits of cinnamon.

If, however, the ham is to be served cold, allow the joint to remain in the pot after it is removed from the fire for several hours, until the water in which it has been cooked is cold. Then dish as before suggested.

Apple Preserves.—Take some pleasant sour apples, remove the core from the bottom, and leave in the stem at the top. Make syrup of white sugar and water to cover them half way up. Bake or boil till they are just done through, and serve up whole with sugar and cream.

Scalloped Oysters.—Take medium oysters; wash and strain in a colander; butter a dish, put in a layer of oysters, sprinkle over some bread crumbs, a very little salt, a little pepper, a little mace or nutmeg, a few small pieces of butter.

Then add another layer of oysters, bread crumbs, salt, pepper, mace, and small pieces of butter; stir well together with two spoons so as to have the seasoning well mixed, then smooth down and add two or three tablespoonfuls sherry wine; set on a piece of tin in an oven, bake half an hour, then cover over with a tin and bake fifteen minutes.

To Make Omelettes.—To make an omelette, beat the yolks slightly—twelve beats is said to be the magic number—then add the milk, the salt, pepper, and flour, if any is used, and lastly the whites beaten to a stiff froth.

Have the skillet as hot as it can be without scorching the butter; put in a tablespoonful of butter, and pour on the omelette, which should at once begin to bubble and rise in flakes.

Slip under it a thin, broad-bladed knife, and every now and then raise it up to prevent burning. As soon as the under side is hard enough to hold together, and the eggs begin to "set," fold over, shake the skillet so as to entirely free the omelette, carefully slide it on a hot platter, and serve at once. It should be cooked in from three to five minutes.

Cheese Omelette.—Take three tablespoonfuls of milk and a pinch of salt for each egg; beat the eggs lightly for three minutes; pour into a pan in which a piece of butter the size of a walnut has just been melted; when nearly cooked sprinkle over it grated cheese (old cheese is best); fold over and serve soon.

WE MUST EAT TO LIVE.—It would be impossible to compute the extent to which the character and health of the human family is molded by what we eat.

Every woman who expects to be the centre around which a contented family revolves, must see to it that they have a good living.

I do not mean that she shall keep them filled with turbot and bisque, and pamper their appetites with highly seasoned and laboriously prepared dishes; but she must insist on healthful food, well prepared and plenty of it, and have it set before the family in a neat and appetizing way; for even a really good dish loses its relish if thrown upon the table among other things in a higgledy-piggledy way. It is an error not to live well.

Among all the abundant gifts which an all-wise Father has bestowed upon us, it is an abuse of his wise laws and his provision for our wants, if we do not supply ourselves with good relishable food. St. Paul's command to the disorderly busybodies that worked not at all, that if any one would not work neither should he eat, might be truthfully reversed, for those who do not eat, neither can they work. It is a great mistake in those employing help to think they can save anything by stinting the table. No men can endure long continued hard labor on insufficient fare, and very few will try. They will soon depart in search of a place where the fat of the land can be converted to their own ribs. The laborer is as worthy of good food as of his hire, and he who withholds it will not prosper. I have known those who were too miserly to supply their own tables with an abundance of substantial things, and in every case the family has been a sickly one, and the amount of the doctor bills would pay ten times over for all that was saved by stinting the appetite of wholesome things.

One not only wants good things, but plenty of them. A working man or woman cannot satisfy nature's craving with a driblet of meat and a finger's width of pie, as could a person of leisure or of sedentary habits. "Stop while you are hungry" may do to preach to idle gluttons, but it will find no place in the understanding of a hard worker; he knows he feels the best when he is full, and can bear his burdens better till the next meal.

A person's food has need to be varied. Mackerel for breakfast and bacon for dinner will soon pall the appetite. There is no life people could lead that would be as healthful as the farmers, if they would let the hog rest, and air their bedrooms. Why they ever fell into the habit of a perpetual pork diet is hard to understand, and why they who work so constantly in the open air are so afraid to sleep with a window open, is also a mystery.

Correspondence.

JOHNSON, (Pensacola, Fla.)—Each player.

HAMLET, (Emporium, Pa.)—By pouring hot lead in his ear.

MYRTLE, (Millville, N. J.)—A female seldom grows much after nineteen or twenty years of age.

M. WEST, (Shippensburg, Pa.)—You are not too young either for an engagement or for marriage; in fact, if your lover has proposed, accept him, of course.

Q. M. Y., (Richmond, Va.)—In former times a "duffer" was one who offered inferior goods to the unwary under the pretence that they were smuggled.

ROSA, (Washington, D. C.)—No; the request should come from the gentleman in the case you mention. There would be no impropriety in asking a friend to do so.

HARVEY, (Racine, Wis.)—The meaning of the names are as follows: James, a supplanter; William, resolute; Henry, the chief of the house; Thomas, a twin; and John, the gracious gift of God.

HENRY K., (Baltimore, Md.)—You are not too young to keep company with a young lady, but as you are only now thinking of your future means of obtaining a livelihood, it would be some years before you would find yourself in a position to support a wife.

DORA, (Trenton, N. J.)—To whiten the finger nails, brush them over with lemon juice, and wash them afterwards with clear cold water. Occasional washing with a small quantity of soap and water is a good thing for promoting the natural growth of the hair.

M. W., (Philadelphia, Pa.)—You are not too young either for an engagement or for a marriage; in fact, if your lover has proposed, accept him, with the consent of your parents. The six years difference between your ages is an advantage to yourself. He is more likely to be of domestic habits, and to care for his home.

D. D., (San Francisco, Cal.)—You will find the particulars you require in "Robertson's History of America." The emigration you speak of took place more than a century earlier than the date you give. The novelist, Cooper, wrote a very excellent story, called "The Borderers," the events of which are laid during that period.

MAC, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—The battle of Bannockburn was fought on the twenty-fifth of June, 1314, between the Scots, under Robert Bruce, and the English, under the young king, Edward, the Second. The English crossed a rivulet in the attack, but Bruce, having dug pits, which he had covered, they fell into them, and were thrown into confusion. The rout was complete, and fifty thousand English were killed or taken prisoners.

J. H., (Boston, Mass.)—No, certainly not. When a gentleman engages himself to a lady, he is bound as an honest man to carry out the terms of that engagement; unless, indeed, he afterwards discovers that she has deceived him. An engagement to marry, like every other contract, supposes good faith on both sides; hence if it turns out that one party has not acted in this manner, and this is discovered in time, the engagement is void. But the pretext which you put forth—not corresponding for three months—is no excuse at all for breaking off the engagement, particularly as the person who wishes to break it off is the offending party.

MAUD, (Waynesburg, Pa.)—You have acted foolishly in affecting an indifference where you felt a real affection. You have offended the susceptibility of your lover, and caused him to leave the city, so that he might forget you. In such a case "absence does not make the heart grow fonder," but the reverse; for with new scenes, and the remembrance of your coolness, he will probably soon cease to think of you. There is a wide difference between showing the full extent of your affection, and a decided preference for the company of one young man over that of another. In the one case love cheaply won is not always prized as it should be; in the other, hope is kept alive—and the lover's presence likewise.

B. W., (New York, N. Y.)—You propound this question: "She (your sweetheart, we presume) claimed that it was not lady-like to let a gentleman put his arms around or embrace her in any way unless they were engaged to be married. I claim that it was right, providing he was a true gentleman. Now please tell us which was right. If I was wrong I will give up." We are inclined to agree with the young lady. Her instincts of delicacy and propriety are better guides in such matters, for a lady, than your reasoning would be. Whatever the name society gives them, in certain respects "gentlemen" differ little from men. We hope you will keep your agreement and "give up," now that the decision is against you.

UNACQUAINTED, (Macon, Ga.)—We have known instances of men falling in love with a young lady after accidentally having seen her photograph. This kind of love differs little, indeed, from that other sort, which undoubtedly does exist, namely, falling in love at first sight. The photograph is a likeness, nay, most often a flattering likeness, of the person represented, and supposing it to be that of a pretty young lady, we can see nothing impossible in the idea of a man falling in love with the original; for you must know that a pretty face and a fine figure in a lady more often win the admiration and worship of young men, than intellectual superiority and other great qualities of mind and temper. For ourselves, however, we prefer the old-fashioned way of falling in love, to wit, through coming in contact, and exchanging opinions and glances, with the living object.

FREDERICK, (St. Louis, Mo.)—All sound is caused by the sonorous nature of the air. If you switch a stick about you very violently without striking any object, you will hear a rushing noise. If you strike a table with it smartly you get a sharp report. If you explode loose gunpowder, it goes off with a whiz, but if you confine the same quantity in a musket or a cannon it gives a deafening report. The reason is obvious; the loose gunpowder exerts but a small amount of influence in a great body of air, but if confined in a small vessel, its powers are wonderfully increased, and it has a proportionate effect on the sonorous properties of the air. It is much the same with electricity or lightning. Many nights in the summer it may lighten for an hour without a single report being heard. In storms its action is more concentrated, and in proportion to its violence, the sound of thunder is more or less intense. The rolling noise is partly due to the echo, which hills and even high buildings will often produce.